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## A Greeting

To the University of Notre Dame.

LOVE wreathes her fairest flowers to-day;  
Joy sings her sweetest song,  
Bidding the charms of music sway  
The bosom of the throng.

That at thy Golden Milestone fair,  
Amid June's fervid calm,  
In eager joyance haste to share  
Thy glory, Notre Dame!

And list rejoicing to the strain  
Thy children's voices swell,  
Till echo answer's o'er again  
The glorious deeds they tell.

Lo! unforgotten all thy toil  
Since thy great Founder came  
And planted in this virgin soil,  
Blessed by our Lady's name,

The seed which, nurtured by his care,  
His tender prayers and tears,  
Wears now in bright fruition rare  
The crown of fifty years.

Oh, well may earnest spirits bring  
Their homage unto thee,  
And countless tones, uniting, sing  
The hymn of Jubilee!

While grateful souls in every clime  
Their humble pleadings blend  
With the grand psalms of praise sublime  
Which from thy shrine ascend.

Thanking our Father for the dower  
Of Wisdom, Truth, and Love,  
Falling on thee a glittering shower  
From His dear home above.

Praying for thee, may each new year  
All gracious blessings hold,  
And loyal hearts for aye revere,  
Thy stainless "Blue and Gold."

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

## Liberal Education and the Church.\*

THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D.



FATHER EDWARD SORIN!  
Meet and just it is that on this  
blessed morning thy name be  
the first word which my lips  
pronounce.

We celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame! It has lived its first half century. We assemble to recall the memories of years which have passed, and to receive inspirations for action during years which are to come. But Notre Dame is Father Edward Sorin—the thought of his mind and the love of his heart. Into Notre Dame he poured all the riches of his great soul; in Notre Dame he externized his whole self. To tell the story of Notre Dame is, in a pre-eminent degree, to tell the story of Father Edward Sorin.

Father Sorin, we are sure thy immortal spirit returns this morning from Heaven to Notre Dame to preside over the festivities of its Golden Jubilee. To thee our salute and our welcome!

There are jubilees of men and of institutions which have no meaning, save that they mark the rapid flight of years. They repeat no high deeds of virtue or valor; they awaken no noble ambitions. How different is the Jubilee of Notre Dame! NOTRE DAME TO-DAY AND A HALF CENTURY AGO.

The Notre Dame of the present is well known—regal in its stately palaces, opulent in its treasures of art and science, glorious in its brilliant array of studious youths and illustrious masters. From this Notre Dame, I pray you, travel back in fancy

\* Sermon preached at Notre Dame on the first day of the Golden Jubilee of the University, Tuesday, June 11.

to the Notre Dame of fifty or more years ago. On the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year 1842, Father Sorin, weary and footsore from long and tedious journeyings, rested on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, and, surveying with anxious eye the limited acres of clearing which surrounded it and the dense forests beyond, marked these grounds as the home of the future Notre Dame. He had lately come from France. He knew but little of the language of the country; he was unfamiliar with American manners and methods of life. As companions, he had a few Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of which he himself was one of the first members; his store of wealth exceeded but little the sum of one thousand dollars. For further resources of men and money, he relied on a young and weak religious order in France, the charity of indigent pioneer settlers, and the blessing of a propitious Providence.

The Pottawatomie, the Miami and the Ottawa roamed in savage liberty through the forests of Indiana and Michigan and over the prairies of Illinois. White people were few, dwelling in sparse colonies, battling amid strange difficulties with untamed nature for a livelihood. The great cities of to-day, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, were infant villages. There were no railroads, no telegraph-lines. The western region of America, it was believed, was destined to grow, but by gradual and slow stages. None dreamed of the magical development which was to come upon it within the near future.

The young priest, in 1842, on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, planning to build up and maintain a school of high learning! Standing by his side, would you have put faith in his project! Would you not rather have called it an idle dream? Whence were to come money, pupils, masters? Who cared for a liberal education? What ends, indeed, could it serve in a wild, untenanted region?

The young priest himself did not then for a moment hope to see the Notre Dame, which it was his blessed lot to gaze upon before the Supreme Judge called him to his reward, a half century later. But he believed in America, and in the West; he believed in the Catholic Church of America; he was deeply convinced that, if country and Church were to be great and powerful, schools must at once be built and manned—the primary school for all the children of the people, and the college and the university for those whom talent and ambition would impel to higher intellectual development; and with the high-mindedness which clearly perceives the future and its needs, and the daring courage of heart which makes possible seemingly desperate

impossibilities, his great soul gave being to Notre Dame.

Before the close of the year 1843, a modest edifice was under roof, and in it boys, white and red, sons of Caucasian and of American Indian, were conjugating Latin verbs. In 1844 the new institution was honored by the Legislature of Indiana with a university charter—a testimony of the greatness to which it aspired. Year by year it grew in strength and fame, until it attained its present proportions.

#### HONOR AND PRAISE.

Honor and praise where honor and praise are due! We render thanks to the great and good Lord of the universe, who inspired and blessed the enterprise of Father Sorin, and by His grace gave fruitfulness to a work which was begun in His name, and which had from its founder the mission to bring glory to God by bringing intelligence and virtue to men.

We proclaim our gratitude to America, whose resources, energies and liberal institutions made possible the growth of Notre Dame. America provided the opportunities which Father Sorin and his co-laborers turned to profit. America, by her own wondrous material evolution, challenged the builders of Notre Dame to put forth in their enterprise all the forces of their minds and hearts; America, in the vastness of the freedom which she allows her sons, permitted the University of Notre Dame to enlarge its work and to expand its life to fullest and fairest form without danger of opposition or repression.

American Catholics have reason to rejoice, and do rejoice, in the unparalleled development of Holy Church and of the numberless institutions which she fosters. Let them be ever ready to proclaim their deep indebtedness to America herself, on whose soil alone this development could have taken place. We thank thee, America, for all thy favors, chiefly for thy sweet liberties which never check but ever encourage native effort and growth in individual men and in institutions. The Catholic Church grows in America, and largely so because America allows the Church to do her best and to be all that she professes herself capable of being.

Finally, we praise Father Sorin and his associates for their quickness in perceiving opportunities, and in profiting by them; for their ceaseless energy, and the wisdom of their counsels. In their own sphere of labor, they kept pace with the onward march of the country; and to say this of men in America is greatest praise. God is willing to bless the good projects of all His chil-

dren; America opens up the same opportunities to all her citizens; but not all Catholics in America, whether priests or laymen, have multiplied the talents confided to them as did Father Sorin and his co-laborers. Honor to the makers of Notre Dame! They were brave and wise men; they merited success and they obtained it. Notre Dame deserves its jubilee, and its jubilee teaches precious lessons.

#### FATHER SORIN'S WORK REPEATS HISTORY.

Seeing Father Sorin building up an institution of higher learning in the early days of the far West, we are reminded of deeds of other times and other regions. The scene at St. Mary's Lake recalls the monks of Ireland, France and Italy in the sixth and seventh centuries, distributing to sparse populations, which hardly had emerged from barbarism, the intellectual lore of ancient Rome and Athens, and training them in their first stages of material progress to prize above wealth of earth and comfort of body the treasures and the refinements of the higher life of the mind. The scenes around St. Mary's Lake conjure up from the memories of the past a memorable feat in our American history—the establishment of Harvard University in New England. The Puritan pilgrims, poor, unable to wrest more than the scantiest provision for life from their stony plains, did not allow a quarter of a century to pass from the date of their landing on Plymouth Rock, before they sought for their children in America the intellectual privileges of the Cambridge and Oxford of their older English homes.

#### LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Catholic monks, Puritan pilgrims, our own Sorin read well the needs of country and of religion and the requirements of humanity's progression on the upward road of civilization. They understood the vital importance of liberal instruction, and they desired that in the very infancy of the social organism measures be taken to secure it. Their wisdom and their foresight are above all praise. The conditions in which they lived would naturally suggest that efforts be confined to the immediately useful. They, however, looked into the future; they had faith in it, and they were ready to work toward remote results. Their penetrating minds gave them that keen insight into things which led them to the conviction that liberal instruction is the great power in the making of men and of peoples. I am not sure that all Americans agree with what I am now saying, although of late years the advance of public opinion in this direction is very pronounced and most hopeful.

Give us, some say, an instruction which is at once serviceable, which prepares directly our youths for business, or for the professions, which brings without delay pecuniary remuneration. Reading, writing, arithmetic, must, of course, be had; but these the common school gives. If anything be added to the lessons of the common school, let it be the technics of the trade, or of the profession, to which our sons are to be devoted. But do take away from us—away from this busy, practical world of ours—the college and the university, whose programmes tell of ancient languages, of refinements of literature, of theories of philosophy, of ornamental arts and sciences. What need have we of these things, and of all such comprised under the term "liberal education"?

Americans are a practical people—but at times they incline to be too practical for their true ulterior good, or even for the immediate purposes which they have in view. The fault is not without its excuse, which we find in the newness of the country and the feverish struggle with matter which this newness imposes. Though time of itself will bring the cure, yet we who recognize the fault should strive to hasten the correction.

The self-made men of America, who, with the merest elementary education, have risen to prominence and proved themselves most valuable citizens and statesmen, are often summoned as witnesses against a liberal education. The answer is near at hand. They are men of exceptional natural talent, who unaided have attained to culture and power which ordinarily come from education, and whose elevation of mind, however, often would have been higher, had their rich natures received the kindly aid of well-directed art.

#### ADVANTAGES OF LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The great thing in man, and in all the works of man, is mind. It is by mind that man is primarily constituted the image and the likeness of God; it is by mind that he rules the material universe, and makes it a stepping-stone upon which he rises, in his self-aggrandizement, even to the skies.

In the raising up of man and of humanity, give to mind growth and grandeur, and man will be great and all things else will come to him. Mind for the mind's own sake is the object of a liberal education; the subjects upon which this education touches, and the methods it employs, are chosen with a view to develop and enrich the mind, independently, for the time being, of all considerations of the mere use'ul, or of the needs of special callings in practical life. The very word "liberal" indicates the scope of the studies pursued in the search of a liberal education.

Truth—that which is, God and the works of His creative power, and the manifestations of His supreme beauty and majesty—is the light and the life of the human mind, truth seen in its own splendor and desired for its own loveliness. Mind feeding upon truth, converting truth into its own fibre, takes unto itself the elevation, the largeness, the sweetness of truth, grows upward and expands, and makes man live his truest and noblest life.

When liberally educated, a man is a power in whatever work he may engage his energies. A liberal education, I said, must not propose the useful as its immediate aim. Yet the useful finds thereby its profit, and a hundredfold more than if it had been sought out directly for its own sake. For the mind has grown in strength and versatility. Power has been gained. Use this power as you will; in whatever direction you turn it, quick and full action will follow.

Whatever be its employment, an educated mind will not be limited in its vision or its grasp to the specific measure of its work, as is so often the case with uneducated minds. The educated man will not be one-sided and narrow; he will not be oppressed by prejudices or disposed to take partial views of things.

The labor, or the instruments of labor, through which an educated mind energizes itself, may be rough and unattractive; but the mind retains its own charm and communicates it to its surroundings. An educated mind means elevation of ideals and purposes, and refinement of thought and manners. The studies which ordinarily are the subject-matter of a liberal education are well named "the humanities."

It is the educated mind that, in all ages, has advanced humanity, lifted it above sordid aims, brought to it pure and ennobling enjoyment, prompted its highest ambitions by holding before it grand ideals, elevated and civilized it. The life of humanity is not material bread; the glory of humanity is not stones wrought into palatial forms, nor military conquests. Its life and its glory are ideas, scintillations from the throne of the Infinite, which are caught up by elevated minds, and diffused by them among the masses of men. It is not to be expected that the masses will receive a liberal education; but in a hundred ways they enjoy blessings which come from a liberal education in the few.

An objection may be made that this liberal education in the few creates an aristocracy, which, in this land of equal rights and equal freedom, should not be desired or encouraged. Be it so; whatever her democracy of political institutions

and social conditions, America, and all mankind, will ever gladly bow in obeisance to this double sovereignty—the aristocracy of mind and the aristocracy of heart—to learning and virtue.

In the persons of Father Sorin and his co-laborers, the Catholic Church comes forward as the friend and the patron of liberal education. The most sacred principles of the Catholic Church impel her to an alliance with liberal education. She is the Church of the living God, having the mission to make Him known to men. The knowledge of truth is the knowledge of God. Hence it is, and it must necessarily be, the wish of the Church that men seek after truth in all directions, from all sources and through all instrumentalities. Her first charge is, indeed, revealed truth; but God is no less in natural than in revealed truth, and in her loyalty to Him, she follows Him wherever His footprints are seen, and delights in bringing men to Him wherever He is.

The Catholic Church is the church of the soul. In her eyes the soul is, of all created things, the best, the most precious. Whatever ministers to the growth of the soul is valued by the Church. Moreover, the soul made capable of higher flights by liberal education is more fitted to understand and appreciate the Church's own supernatural teachings. The Church is, indeed, the church of all the children of men. For the simple and ignorant she has the tender whisperings of a mother's love; she breaks gently for them the bread of life, feeding them in measures proportioned to the limits of their capacity. But, as brighter and more elevated minds open to her teaching, she gives out her truths in more generous profusion, and she rejoices in the deification of soul in her hearers; which results from their wider comprehension of divine faith. The Catholic Church yearns for the educated listener, for she can unfold to him more readily her intellectual treasures. An age of intellectual light is the one in which the Church revels, and in which she is best understood.

The Catholic Church is the church of humanity, which she loves as God loves it. All that ennobles, elevates humanity, she blesses and aids. What has been her history during those nineteen hundred years but the history of sympathy with men and of labor for their souls and their bodies? Did she not always lead in whatever made for progress and civilization? Was not the civilization of Europe her own work? Education, which is such a potent factor in the elevation of humanity, has been in all ages certain of receiving the Church's choicest blessings.

The Catholic Church throughout her history made liberal education one of her most cherished works. While cruelly persecuted by Roman emperors, she opened a Christian school of high philosophy in Alexandria, where an Origen, a Clement, a Catherine allowed no intellectual precedence to the most learned masters of the academies of reigning paganism. When peace and prosperity came to her, schools were built by her as early as monasteries and basilicas. Monte Cassino spread its light over Italy; Lerins gathered scholars from Gaul and Germany; under Patrick's magic hand Ireland was the isle of schools. Shall I mention the illustrious universities of mediæval Europe? O Church Catholic, thou art, surely, the mother, the queen, of liberal learning! Salerno, Padua and Bologna; Paris, Montpellier and Salamanca; Louvain, Leipsic, Fribourg and Tübingen; Oxford, Cambridge and Glasgow—I am naming great schools, rich founts of European learning and civilization, the glories of the Middle Ages; I am counting pearls, which history gratefully places in thy chaplet of honor:—they were thy schools, often founded, always blessed, by thy popes and bishops.

#### STATE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

In America the state builds schools, colleges and universities, and is lavish in its expenditure for their support. The question is put: why does not the Church leave the work of education to the state, which commands for the purpose wealth and power that the former cannot hope to possess? This question calls for a brief answer.

I have no quarrel with the educational work of the state. I admire, I am proud of my country in this matter, as in so many others. America understands the importance of education; she has always prized primary education; and to-day she aims at being the peer of all other nations in liberal education. I admire the generosity of the state to primary and to superior education.

The schools and colleges of the state do not include religion in their programmes. My ideal school, as I will presently say, is the Christian school, where secular knowledge and religion are wedded in an inseparable union. Yet I do not blame the state. What can the state do, in view of all the circumstances of the country, but leave out religion, and in this matter try to make schools as neutral as schools can be. The state does the best it can. Let us be just to it, praising it for the good it does, and admitting the force of the reasons for its shortcomings. Where they are unavoidable, our practical duty is to make up for these shortcomings by extraordinary efforts in other ways. To anathematize the state for its

schools and colleges is a wrong and a folly. Would you have the state close its schools and colleges? In what other manner could the masses receive an education? Moreover, the state will not close its schools and colleges, and the millions will and must continue to frequent them. Large numbers of Catholic children will be among their pupils! You have not the school-buildings to-day to accommodate all your children, nor the masters to teach them. Will you, despite all this, censure those who attend state institutions, and in anger withdraw from them all spiritual care? By so doing, some will reply, we show our special predilection for the pupils of Catholic institutions. But I ask, will you dare neglect unto death the two thirds of your children in order to save more easily the other third.

I will speak my full thought. I would work with double energy to make up for a necessary exclusion of religion from the programmes of state institutions by doing all in my power to bring, in some other manner, the pupils who frequent such schools under religious influences—and while so doing I would build up, but not in angry protest against the state school, the Christian school, and I would say to parents and to children: "Thrice blessed are those whose daily mental nutriment is secular and religious knowledge united!"

#### THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL AND THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

The Christian school and the Christian college or university! In them secular knowledge and religion find mutual profit. That knowledge of things is deficient which does not lead back to their author, God, and does not show them fitting into the general workings of the universe under the guidance of a supreme Providence. God has always lived in the world—by His invisible government, by the Incarnation of the Word, by the Church which continues the Incarnation. At every step human society touches upon God, upon Christ and upon the Church. Take from schools God, Christ and the Church, human society and all matters connected with it—science, art, history, literature—are wrenched from their surroundings, and only partial, truncated studies can be made of them.

In the Christian school the youth receives a complete education, one that prepares him for all his duties, secular and religious; for all the purposes of his being through time and throughout eternity. It is asked: "Cannot this education be obtained with school and Church working separately, each one on its own ground? And have I not myself said that where circumstances do not

allow school and Church to work together, the Church must put forth her efforts in her own sphere to form the mind and the heart of youth, and make up for the shortcomings of the school?" I reply that the work of education is never so good and so thorough when school and Church are separated, as when they go hand in hand.

So great is the importance of religion in the formation of character, the strengthening of morals, the preparation for the life that is to come that it ought to be taught as a daily lesson, and with all the force and diligence which the most skilled masters possess. It ought so to be taught as to connect it indissolubly with other affairs of life, and to sink it so deeply into the souls of pupils as to make it part of their very nature. Religion is no accident in man's career; it is no veneering in his manners; it is no secondary business in his journeying from the cradle to the grave; it is all-essential as his motive power of action, and as the determination of his whole existence, and consequently, it must be considered the vital factor in his education. In the teaching of religion removed from the school or college, where the youth spends the six-sevenths of his working time, the peril is great that this teaching will not be sufficient and that its effects will not be enduring. The Catholic school and the Catholic college have their own place and their own work in America. They are the ideal homes of learning, and Catholics should have them wherever they are possible.

#### RESULTS EXPECTED FROM CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

From schools and colleges where religion commingles with secular learning, we are led to expect ideal results. Without such results Catholic schools and colleges do not justify themselves to the country. Let me speak in a special manner of the mission of Catholic higher schools or colleges. Their mission, I take it, is to provide leaders to the Catholic laity.

The laity are the Church on the battlefield of the world; they are seen; they represent the Church; they are the first who must meet attacks upon her, and the first who must make advance in her defence. It is through the laity that the action of the Church is brought to bear upon the world, and it is from their doings that the power and the usefulness of this action are estimated. The clergy have their lines of duty in the formation and the direction of the laity; but for the everyday battle the clergy are, and cannot but be, in the background.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE LAITY.

Does the Church wish to prove herself to

America? Then, let the Catholic laity be marked by intelligence and virtue. No people so much as the American demands results, and bases its judgment on results. It gives literal application to the Gospel rule: "By their fruits you shall know them." All arguments in favor of the Church, drawn from the story of the past fall with little effect upon the ears of Americans. The one argument to which they consent to listen is the manner of life of Catholics.

What magnificent opportunities are now before the Catholic laity! It is a sad period of doctrinal disintegration, and of consequent weakening of morals; it is a period of great social changes which disturb principles and awaken passions. Thoughtful men are casting around for forces by which society is to be preserved. Such forces the Catholic Church possesses in that rich abundance with which they came to her from her Divine Founder; and if Catholics are true to their Church she will be hailed as the saviour of men and society. But to this end they must live true Catholic lives, and by their fruits give public evidence of the principles of their faith.

In the fulfilment of their mission the chief need of the Catholic laity is leaders, men of *élite* well trained in faith and morals, resolute and reliable, who, themselves model men, will shape after their own character the mass of their fellow Catholics, and be their standard-bearers before the country in all movements for truth and moral goodness.

Model men, assuredly, must they be, who are the standard-bearers of the armies of the Church. Be they second to none in the power and the accomplishment of a superior education. Authority and influence, which nothing else supplies, issue forth from a rich and well-developed mind. Wherever intelligence is in active employment, in literature, in scientific enquiry, in the management of large enterprises, in statesmanship, there must those Catholics occupy distinguished places. In conduct be they stainless and above reproach, the most honest and the most honorable of citizens, marked unmistakably by sobriety and purity in private life, strictest probity in dealings with their fellowmen, unwavering loyalty to duty in civic and political affairs.

Whence will come Catholics of *élite*, fit to be models and leaders? I answer, from Catholic colleges and universities. If from them such Catholics do not come—and in large numbers—then our colleges and universities will have failed in their work.

#### QUALITY OF INSTRUCTION IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

The mission which awaits them indicates the

lines upon which the pupils of Catholic colleges should be educated. Their intellectual formation should be the best in the country. We do them an injustice, as we do country and Church an injustice, if we send them out into the world a whit inferior in intellectual equipment to pupils from state, or other non-Catholic, institutions. We have no right to label with the name of religion an inferior instruction, and offer it to Catholics as being of full value. And here let me refer to what I have said on the subject of liberal education. The useful cannot be neglected in the programme of our Catholic institutions. However, the importance assigned to it must not be such as to impede the main purpose of education, the direct development of mind, for mind's own sake, without which colleges serve as places of apprenticeship to trades or professions, and not as schools for the formation of superior men.

There must be in Catholic colleges fullest dogmatic teaching, which not only enunciates principles, but explains all the objections raised against them and the answers to these objections. Fierce attacks are made to-day upon the Christian faith, from all quarters—from geology, biology, paleontology, history. It is not when they are already in the arena that our soldiers should hear of those attacks; it is while they are preparing for the strife, so that when the conflict does come they may be found ready. The catechism, occasional sermons, the reading of pious legends do not suffice; there should be in every Catholic college a thorough course of Christian apologetics.

The training in Catholic life given in colleges should aim at endowing the pupils with a robust, manly piety, which suits strong minds and is likely to keep its hold on the men of our period and of our country. Too often we rear up our youths in religious hot-houses, feeding them over-much on the accidents and luxuries of religion, which they mistake for the essentials, and with which they are afterwards tempted to lay aside all religious practices. Give them the bone and the sinew, and the strong living flesh of religion; the piety made up of such stuff will last, and the alumni of our colleges will not cease to be practical Catholics.

In morals, the highest ideals of private and civic duty must be continuously held out before the pupils. There should be no question of the minimum of Christian duty—the mere avoidance of mortal sin. We are not at work in a college, as in the confessional, to temper the law to the weak and the ignorant, and to open to as many as possible the gates of divine mercy; we are forming soldiers and leaders, and the highest

deeds of valor must be recounted to them, and their best efforts stimulated.

#### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Notre Dame, when I tell the conditions in which the youths of Catholic colleges are to be educated, I tell thy works and thy methods. Nobly hast thou done during the half-century which has gone by. The Catholic Church of America praises and thanks thee on this day of thy jubilee.

More nobly yet wilt thou do during the half-century which is to come. Fifty years hence another jubilee of thine will be celebrated; another speaker will rehearse thy deeds. I do not believe that he who will take my place in thy chapel-pulpit will speak of greater virtues than those which I speak of when I recall the lives of thy Founder and thy early masters; well will it be for thee if their heroic traits reappear in their successors. But the preacher of thy future jubilee will speak of greater feats and greater triumphs in the service of Church and country; for greater will have been thy opportunities, and greater thy power.

The future! The twentieth century! America during the twentieth century! The Catholic Church in America during the twentieth century!—The twentieth century! It stands out on history's pages unparalleled for its agitations of mighty religious and social problems. Intellectual life grows more intense; no limitations of knowledge are recognized. The human mind, in the success of its inquiries into the phenomena of nature, becomes maddened into the belief of its absolute self-sufficiency, and bids reckless defiance to all existing intellectual authorities, even to Christ and to His Church. The defender of Christ is compelled to follow the adversary through all lines of natural knowledge, to show that there is no argument against supernatural truth, to follow him even to the farthest frontiers of nature to prove that there is a beyond of which revelation brings to us fuller tidings; and, then, he must unveil the foundations upon which rests the structure of religion, and prove that they are fixed, immovable, upon the earth.

Humanity is in throes as never before to give birth to new forms of social and political life. All things must be made new—is the universal cry going up to the heavens. Revolutions are upon us, in which, if wisdom and righteousness do not prevail, chaos and death will hold sovereign sway.

America in the twentieth century! Those mighty problems, religious and social, which press upon all the world, will be agitated with special fierceness, and will move toward a solu-

tion with special rapidity in our own country. Men in America are more impatient for results than elsewhere, and their liberty provokes more readily discussions and changes.

The Catholic Church in America during the twentieth century! O Church of ages and of nations! was there ever opened before thee an opportunity so glorious, so worthy of thy power and majesty? To thee, to reign queen of Truth! Wherever seekers after truth journey, be thou their leader, illumining their way with thy light, and crowning their conquests with thy own supernal revelation! To thee, to reign queen of humanity! Proclaim in a voice that none can fail to hear the supreme principles of moral virtue, of social order and liberty, of duties and rights of men, which Christ's Gospel has taught thee. Proclaim them with the high authority of thy mission, and win to them the obedience of men by thy Christ-like zeal and thy Christ-like love. Reign in knowledge and in grace; reign to the glory of thy Christ; and the twentieth century will serve Him with all the intensity of its intellect and all the aspirations of its heart. The greatest of centuries will be the most loyal to Christ; and, as ever before, will He reign in glory over the world—"Christ yesterday, to-day and to-morrow."

The glory to be, during the twentieth century, in America, the soldiers of the Church! Blessed are the men to whom God reserves this glory! Blessed are the homes of learning and of religion whose mission it is to form the soldiers of the new century!

Notre Dame, I hail thee this morning! I hail thy future work and thy future triumphs. Gird thyself well; put forth all thy energies; be the peer of the best. During the coming great century many thousands of names will be inscribed on honor's roll as the worthiest sons of country and of Church: among them on highest lines be the names of pupils of Notre Dame.

WE thoroughly understand only what we have outgrown. Intellectual progress is an approach to truer estimates of values. A man is what he is and who he is, not by virtue of wealth or office, but by the quality of his thought and life. "Thinking and doing, doing and thinking," says Goethe, "is the sum of all wisdom,—so recognized and practised from the beginning, but not understood by everyone."—*Bishop Spalding.*

### Notre Dame in the Forties.

REV. E. B. KILROY, D. D., '59.



MY duty to-night is to recall, as best I can, some of the reminiscences of our *Alma Mater* as it was in the olden times. I have been warned by President Morrissey not to extend my remarks more than twenty minutes, and I want to tell you, as Artemas Ward says, "if I don't strike oil in fifteen minutes I'll stop boring."

Notre Dame was visited for the first time on Nov. 26, 1842, by Father Sorin. The foundation stone of the University was laid on the 28th day of August, 1843; it was chartered on the 15th day of January, 1844, and although I am not a great admirer of the Methodists, still, in justice to them, I must add that it was owing to the persuasive powers of a Mr. Davis, an old member of the Methodist Church, that it got its charter so soon. Its first Commencement took place on the 3d of August, 1845, and it opened its doors to students on the 3d of October of that year, and began its career—its noble career—in the cause of Christian education, in which it has continued ever since. As the years have rolled on it has gathered power and strength until it is, to-day, known throughout the whole length and breadth of America as a noble monument to Christian thought and to intellectual civilization.

I was brought here, a wild, untutored lad, by the late venerable Archbishop Henni of Milwaukee, on the 11th day of November, 1845. An eclipse took place that night; but I don't know whether it was on my account or not. The college in 1845 was a four-and-a-half story building of white brick, eighty feet in length and thirty-six in depth; the first story was divided into three parts:—on the western end was the refectory under Brother Patrick, a fine, cheery old Irishman; the middle part was the kitchen under the charge of "Chef" Brother Vincent; the study-hall was at the eastern end and under the charge of Brother Francis. Each of these three rooms was paved with red brick, and the desks in our study-room were from twelve to thirteen feet in length. They had benches attached, on which we sat, and these benches had no backs. I can assure you that as I sat down here to-day I could not help thinking that they took their models for those benches from the Middle Ages; for the monks could not desire more penitential stools.

The first story of the University had a *grand* hall twelve feet square. To the left of it was the parlor, and directly opposite the room of the venerable Father Sorin. To the right, as you entered, was the reception hall which would seat about one hundred persons, and facing you was the museum, then under the charge of Monsieur Breckport. It contained a stuffed bear, an eagle and figures emblematic of the country and I can't tell how many other strange animals. The people came from all over the wood to see that museum. The second story was occupied by class-rooms; the third by professors' rooms, and at the rear there was an infirmary under the charge of good old Sister Providence. This infirmary was very seldom occupied. We were a brave set of boys in those days and we didn't need much physic. When we did get it, we took it wholesale in sassafras or some other decoction that was put in the tea once every two weeks. The fourth story was broken up into two dormitories, and between them was a room where the scholastics of that day slept—when they were not watching us. The dormitories were elegantly fitted up with wooden bunks and calico curtains, but insect powder in '45 was not what it is now and after the first year—a year of bloody battles—the bunks came down. That was the origin of the iron bedstead in the University.

In the garret were the college chapel, the sleeping-room of the religious and the trunk room. In that little chapel under the eaves Father Sorin said his daily Mass, and many a Sunday have I heard the venerable Father Badin preach a strong and stirring sermon. He had one peculiarity; he would never take the Gospel to read from it; but he was wont to take the missal and place it on some little fellow's head, and though his right hand was paralyzed he made good use of his left.

At the front of the college, about an acre was cleared and was full of stumps and there were some fine old oaks there. The clearing—the college yard—was fenced about with a very high picket fence; one of the roads to South Bend was about a quarter of a mile east of it and the other road ran east of St. Mary's and was three quarters of a mile west of the University. The front yard was flanked by two little one-story buildings evidently built by Frenchmen. One was occupied by Mr. Stelier who on Sunday used to read us some of Father Badin's sermons that were written probably one hundred years ago. The other was occupied by good old Brother Justin, the college shoemaker. Immediately behind the college, about one hundred feet away, was the Manual

Labor School. This school was chartered at the same time as the college; for Father Sorin's object was not to give education to the well-to-do alone, but to the poor as well.

The tailor-shop was under Brother Augustus—I was glad to see the old gentleman to-day. The printing-office was under Brother Joseph. Father Sorin was an enterprising man, and one of the first things he did was to purchase this office, and Brother Joseph was busy with two apprentices there. A little farther back was the log hut in which Brother Francis—still living—and Brother William taught the young apprentices of the day how to spoil timber and make furniture. Still farther back, about three hundred feet from that, was a blacksmith shop, under the care of Brother James, the gardener; but unfortunately the blacksmith ran away and it had to do without him for some four or five months until they found a colored gentleman to take his place. This was our college. What is now mainland was really then an island. The lakes then were some ten feet higher than to-day, and I well remember of having paddled my canoe from one lake to the other. It was called "the island." On the island one of the first things Father Sorin built was the novitiate. He did not believe that the country could be educated without trained disciples. There he planted his novitiate, and it was, in my time, under the care of the venerable Father Romaine who had just been released from the penitentiary. Let me say a word about that. In 1842-44 the Know-nothings played havoc with the sentiments of the country and turned it against the Catholic Church. And the good Father Romaine, who was a priest at Evansville—a good, kindly priest—was the innocent victim of their persecution. It took two years of perjury to put him in Jeffersonville prison, and after serving one year there, a petition praying for his release, signed by many ministers and six hundred ladies, among them the wife of James K. Polk, who was then on her way to Washington, was presented to Governor Whitcomb who gave him his freedom at the end of a year. He came here with the intention of joining the Order of the Holy Cross, but he had no money with which to pay the costs of his trial and the Community was too poor to spare the money. God was with him, however, and the Archbishop of New Orleans took his pectoral cross from his neck and sold it to pay the costs of his trial.

Down on the shores of St. Mary's Lake, where the barn is now, stood the chapel built by Father Badin in 1834. Adjoining it was the church built by Father Sorin, a structure of logs, in the

winter of 1842-'43. In my time the Sisters occupied both of them, and I remember to have gone there often to Mass. The venerable Archbishop Purcell gave us confirmation there in 1847. Our choir was not remarkable for its musical ability; Brother Lawrence who drove the oxen and beat the horses, Brother Augustus who ruled the tailor-shop and Brother Gatien who roared like the very bull of Bashan, doing our singing for us. They had but one musical instrument, an ophicleide, a queer contrivance with a brass tongue, and all it would say was boom, boom, boom.

Father Badin was an everlasting preacher, and as soon as the congregation saw him start up the pulpit steps they made a movement for the door. On one occasion, a summer's day, I remember, the people got tired and marched out of the church. He roared out: "Shut the church door and keep them out; they have gone out, now keep them out." And Brother James did close the door, and the next thing we knew the front door was sliding along the middle aisle of the church with the crowd behind it. Such was the chapel, and such was Notre Dame of 1845. Notre Dame grew slowly and surely. She opened first with fifteen students—my number, I believe, was eighteen—but slowly and surely she marched on under the guardianship of her founder and preserver, Father Sorin.

Father Badin was an eccentric old genius. He rode an old horse that Father Sorin had bought for him. This good old missionary would take his breviary and go for a ride. Invariably, when he began "Gloria Patri," the horse would stop, and Father Badin when he had finished "Et in sæcula sæculorum" would give his horse a prod and the procession would move on. These were the resident priests of the College. 1849 saw the University of Notre Dame exercise its power as a university, and on that day Richard Shortis and Neil H. Gillespie, both of whom, later, became valuable members of the Community, and priests for whom every "old boy" has a warm spot in his heart, received the first degrees ever conferred. On that day an honorary degree of LL. D., was conferred on the Hon. David L. Gregg of Chicago, and Gardner Jones of New York city. Gentlemen of the Alumni, it was a great day with us, a red-letter day. We had not a hall as you have to-day; but as a great many people in the country about wanted to see the degrees conferred—for it was something wonderful to see those degrees—a great audience was expected, and we had to provide a hall, as the exhibition hall would only hold one hundred or one hundred and twenty. And how do you think

we got along? We took our axes—most of us knew how to handle an ax—and the priests went with us, and we went out into the forest and cut trees and saplings, and in front of the old university we planted them in three rows about forty feet high, and then covered them with green boughs. On the stage were eighteen or twenty professors and students, the Hon. David L. Gregg among them, and we gave them music worth hearing and such speeches and acting as they never saw before.

The second session of 1849 opened brilliantly with a fine set of professors. There was Father Shaw, of Oxford College, England. He was an officer in the British army, and later became a priest. And there were Fathers Jones and Mahany of the Irish College, Rome, and Monsieur Girac and Father Hackett. In 1850 the Government gave us a post-office, but the department, in true official style, concluded that Notre Dame du Lac was too long, so all we have left is Notre Dame. 1851 brought us in direct communication with the outside world, and South Bend was blessed with a railway communication to the East and West. 1852 was a year of progress in the college and the second class of two Bachelors of Arts was graduated in June, and the Commencement oration was delivered by the illustrious Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The first clearing of twenty acres had by this time been replaced by a cultivated farm of one hundred and sixty acres. The Pottawatomie Indians who used to camp in the old lake ceased to come. The bear meat, venison and the sturgeon from the old St. Joe appeared no more at the college dinner, and a new *régime* had begun.

Now, having described the college of "the fifties" and its courses as best I can, I have a word to say about the characters gathered there. Father Badin was a small, dark, wiry man. He never kept any rules of his own. He was very fond of smoking and most entertaining when he took his pipe and sat down, and amused everybody around and made everybody happy by his innocent jokes and entertaining stories of missionary life—a great and good and holy man, born in 1768, made a priest in 1793 by the great Archbishop Carroll. He gave his soul to God in 1853, after having made his home in this great Western country for years; he went to his grave, loved, honored and respected by Protestants and Catholics alike. The first vice-president was Father Granger, a good and holy and innocent priest. He had the same love for the Fathers, the Novices, the Brothers and the Sisters that Father Sorin had for the College. He preached

by word and example. He was a man of few words, but his words went to the heart. There are thousands of students scattered over the western country who owe to him the faith they are now keeping in Jesus Christ and His Church. He was a most talented man. Father Cointet, who died in 1854, a victim of the cholera was very like him, and had he lived he might have done as much good as did the saintly old man whose death we mourned but two short years ago.

Father Sorin was a good, holy, zealous priest; aye, he was more. He was a great man, a great priest; he was a great priest raised by God to plant this University in the wilderness. He was a great man. He founded the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and made it a grand order in the Church, sanctioned by the Holy Father. And when the war broke out and men's hearts grew heavy, he sent sixty-five of those noble ladies to the front where the battle raged, to watch and care for the wounded of our Western lands (applause). These were times to try men's souls, and men were divided on the great political aspects of the day. Father Sorin sent to the front, during those awful days, eight of his priests and ministers to the soldiers on the battlefield. Be it remembered that on the bloody battlefield of Gettysburg one of his priests stood upon a rock there in the midst of the dreadful storm of bullets and cannon balls. He stood before them like a man upheld by God, and in the name of the Lord gave absolution to all who were within hearing. And the State of New York has voted him a bronze medal, and I understand that they will give him another for his noble conduct on that bloody battlefield. Such were the men that Father Sorin trained to fill his place when God would take him home. Father Sorin had a strange fascination about him which exercised itself over everything. He was an untiring worker. He was a man of the greatest courtesy; he was a man of generosity; he was a man with a loving heart; a man with whom you were ever impressed. When near him you found something, around you that made you purer and nobler.

Most Rev. Fathers and gentlemen of the Alumni, I know not whither I am going. I will simply say to you what the Apostle says, and that is this: "God hath chosen the weak things of this world that they may confound the strong. God hath chosen the things that are not of this world that they may confound the things that are." And that poor, honest, noble priest left behind memories that will be dear to every Catholic heart, even when they celebrate here the centennial of the foundation of old Notre Dame.

### What Notre Dame has done for Religious Education.

VERY REV. E. J. MCLAUGHLIN, D. D., '75.



SOMETHING over fifty years ago, a simple French priest, with a little band of co-laborers, planted the cross in this garden spot of our beautiful land. Being a priest, he was a toiler after souls. Remembering the words of our divine Master, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God," he knew full well that the greatest harvest was to be reaped by planting the seeds of Christian faith in the innocent, fruitful minds of the young, ever open to all that is good, beautiful and true; hence the cross he reared was placed over the little log cabin, destined to be the nucleus of a great university, from out whose halls were to go forth educated moral, cultured, Christian gentlemen. Standing here to-day and viewing the many noble edifices, the spacious grounds which the hand of Nature and the art of man have vied in making surpassingly beautiful, the throngs of youth gathered from all parts of the country, and looking back over the more than half century, to the plain, unpretentious building erected by Father Sorin in the heart of the wilderness, where the red-man and the savage beast roamed at will, we can make a just estimate of the almost miraculous material progress made during those fast-speeding years; and a thrill of awe and admiration fills our hearts for the memory of the man whose iron nerve, brave heart, daring mind and holy zeal have accomplished so much in so limited a period.

The cold eye of fact shows at a glance the splendid progress that Notre Dame has made from the rude log cabin, embowered in the glades of the forest, to the palatial buildings, set as so many architectural gems in this smiling garden of civilization. But how are we to estimate that nobler work carried on during all these years, within her walls, in that particular domain in the broad field of education, for which her founder destined her—the moral and religious training of the youth intrusted to her care? We boast to-day, and with reason, of possessing the fairest land, the strongest, the most progressive, the most enlightened government upon which the sun ever rose or set. We love this beautiful land of ours; we admire her wide-spreading plains; we stand silent with awe

at her lofty mountains, whose towering peaks pierce the clouds; we take pride in her magnificent lakes and noble streams, upon whose broad bosoms are borne the commerce of a world. Deep in the womb of Mother Earth, in this God-given land of ours, are stored the accumulated treasures of centuries, placed there by a benign Providence for our use and benefit. American industry and invention have unearthed these rich hoards of nature's providing and utilized them for the good of man. We are a progressive people and we are a part of the most enlightened age the world has ever known. Things that seemed impossible fifty years ago are to-day accomplished facts. Beneath the ocean's depths, we flash our thoughts from continent to continent with lightning speed. Space is annihilated, and in a few hours we traverse vast distances with comfort and safety. We sit in our offices or parlors, and over a slender thread of wire we talk business or pleasure with our fellowmen hundreds of miles away. Speech, the wise sayings of great men, even the pitch and tone of voice, are mysteriously caught and sealed up to be given forth to wondering generations in the advancing years. The darkness of night has been overcome and dispelled, and our towns and cities are illumined with a shining brightness, almost rivalling the dazzling splendor of the god of day. The brain of American genius has probed nature's mysteries and unfolded untold resources hitherto beyond the ken of man; the skill and brawn of American manhood have so wrought, formed and fashioned these stores of nature for the use of the human race that no man dares set a limit to future possibilities. Notwithstanding all these natural and acquired advantages which we possess—our rare, beautiful, and resourceful land, our wonderful inventions, our progress, and even our boasted civilization—we are far from being a perfect people. Our progress in material affairs has been without parallel; as a nation, our advancement in the spiritual life has not kept equal pace. What is the cause? Many things. Our rushing, busy lives, the greed of gold, the desire for office, the thirst for power; but most emphatically the neglect, above all, of the proper moral and religious education of our youth!

In the process of education there are only two systems from which to choose, and either one of these should be logically adopted, according as we view the final destiny of man from the material or spiritual standpoint. If there is no God and this life ends all, man will go back into nothingness, and it would be senseless folly and a grievous waste of time to base a system of

education upon the belief in an infinite Being and the immortality of the soul. If, on the other hand, we hold that there is a God, and that the soul is immortal, this life is but a period of transition, which should prepare us for a higher and nobler life, and hence, it is but just and right that the youthful mind should be imbued with this belief from the earliest dawn of reason, and that the youth should be earnestly taught throughout his whole career to attain his final end—eternal happiness in the glorious life to come. Education and learning are simply means to attain an end. Seen in this latter light, as just stated, the end is the knowledge of God and the attainment of a happy eternity in the future life; for, as Milton says, "The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him and to imitate Him, as we may, the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue." Fortunately we live in a land where belief in God and the hope of a glorious future life still predominate; but unfortunately this creed is sadly neglected in the education of our youth. In too many of our schools, in the past and at the present time, the moral and religious views of life are ignored, and the paramount idea seems to be to fit the student as quickly as possible to become a successful man of the world. That education is certainly faulty which fails to educate the whole man and develop all his faculties in the proper and right direction. That man will make the best and most loyal citizen who has been taught to be most loyal to God, and in his hands will be better and more sacredly conserved the laws of country, than in his who is only moved by selfish interest or worldly ambition. It is with pleasure that we can point to some educational institutions of higher grade in this broad land, that have fought the battle of education on this loftier plane, and notably in the foremost rank do we point with pride to Notre Dame, *Alma Mater*, peerless mother, whose fifty golden years of loyal, faithful, holy service in the cause of true education we so joyfully commemorate to-day.

When over fifty years ago, Father Sorin reared his first unpretentious building to be dedicated to the noble work of education, on the frontier of civilization in this Western land, well might he have inscribed over its portals the legend: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," for this has been the basis of all instruction, this the ideal held forth to the generations of young men who, these many years, have lived, studied and dreamed, mayhap, ambitious dreams within these walls, and learned the truths of science and religion from the lips of amiable, wise priests and learned

professors of Notre Dame. For fifty years, in the midst of trials and difficulties almost innumerable, has Notre Dame upheld the standard of Christian education and planted deep in the hearts of her students the germs of faith, hope and love—germs, which, when rightly nurtured, will mature into a golden harvest and produce a race of pure, cultured, brave and Christian gentlemen. From its very inception, the plan of education in this University has been laid down on those broad lines which tend to build up the whole man and bring forth his best traits of character by carefully developing not only the physical and mental, but, above all, the moral and religious sides of his nature. Turning her back upon the creed of the world, which makes money its god, and worldly success the end of life, the aim of Notre Dame has ever been to cultivate to their fullest extent the mental powers, and, whilst so doing, to so thoroughly develop the moral and religious faculties of the youth intrusted to her care, that they could rise above the dross of earth and be prepared to go forth into the wide plain of life and become men of action, men of high resolve, whose daily lives would picture in strong relief on the broad canvas of Time the beauties of their early Christian training, and with great moral courage, could dare, whilst in the world and of the world, to live up to the true ideal of Christian manhood. Daniel Webster has said that "whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens." Hardly anyone will deny that the young man who goes forth into the battle of life with his mental faculties carefully trained, his moral powers well developed and held under proper restraint, and with high, religious ideas will make the best and safest, if not the most successful, man. We have the best country in the world; we want the best citizens in the world. We want our young men, when their time comes, to cast themselves upon the busy sea of life, to be prepared for every phase the drama of life may present to their view. They must be sound of body, with deep, alert, cultivated minds, pure and clean of heart, with a fine intelligence of their entire dependence upon the omnipotent Creator and their moral obligations to their fellowmen. With such a class of citizens we have nothing to fear either from the enemy within or the foe without. Such men are loyal to God first and country next; and with a nation composed of a brotherhood of men linked together by the strong chains of love of God and love of country, we are prepared to crush out internal dissensions, to conduct a government high, pure and enlightened; and if the nations

of the earth stood combined at our gates, to confront them with an army of unconquerable patriots. To produce such a class of men, daily religious environment, thorough religious instruction and training are necessary. Such a course of education should commence with the earliest dawning of reason, when the young mind begins to unfold and is so susceptible of impressions, be they good or bad. It should continue throughout the entire period of school life; for the grand principles of religion—the science which leads to the practice of virtue and the knowledge and service of God—cannot be imbibed in a month or a year. As it is *the* science which fits not only for a time, but for eternity, it should be a life study.

The University of Notre Dame has more than kept abreast of the times in all that pertains to a first-class secular education; but her crowning glory, in the estimation of all right-minded men, I care not what their creed or belief may be, is the fact that she has never lowered the standard of Christian education first planted by her venerated Founder in the soil of Indiana, either for public opinion or greed of gain, but has kept on unflinchingly in the path of duty, and has sought by every legitimate means within her power to send forth to the stern battle of life a class of young men, accomplished in the beauties of science and literature, with heart and soul trained to the practice of virtue, whose unsullied, moral, Christian lives would be a power for good in the world about them, and whose clean, bright example might be an inducement to their fellowmen to seek after all that is good, beautiful and true. Into her halls have come students from every clime and of every creed; hers has been the pleasant, loving, noble task to mould and fashion their youthful minds, to develop their intellects. Whilst never interfering with the individual creed of any pupil differing from the Catholic doctrine taught within her walls, she has ever held up before their eyes those high ideals of true morality, which alone can make life truly good and really happy. To the Catholic youth, fortunate enough to be entrusted to her care, she has proved the tender, loving, wise mother; endeavoring daily to instil into their youthful, eager minds and fervent hearts a true knowledge of those great principles of our holy faith without which they would be poorly equipped to fight the hard battle of life and the still more tremendous struggle for a happy eternity. I do not claim that every student who has left the sheltering walls of Notre Dame has become a model man or a perfect citizen; but I do main-

tain that, if he had lived up to the high standard of moral and religious life inculcated in this University, he would be a type of a perfect manhood, fit to grace any land or any nation. In the best of families you will sometimes find an erring member, one black sheep; so among the thousands of students who have come and gone, these fast-fleeting years, from Notre Dame, many, very many, have undoubtedly fallen by the wayside and gone down to the lowest depths of degradation and vice. This only proves the frailty of human nature and the great necessity that exists to provide Christian educational institutions whose best efforts will be given to stem the tide of vice and immorality, and elevate the moral tone of the future citizens of our magnificent and beloved country.

Many of us who are gathered here to-night look back, through the eventful years which have so quickly flown on the wings of Time, with fond pleasure and lingering regret to the peaceful, happy years of our youth spent here in this quiet retreat we once called Home,

"Our home no longer now,  
Witness of many a calm and happy day;

Our Home, where many a day has passed  
In joy whose loved remembrance long shall last."

We have a tear and a prayer for our comrades who, forgetting the noble maxims of their youthful training, have ignobly fallen by the wayside; we have a smile and a word of heartfelt encouragement for those who are still bravely fighting, in the path of duty, the rude battle of life. We rejoice that we have seen this day, on which we are permitted to offer the golden meed of praise to this honored institution, which, for more than half a century, has proved itself to be a champion of Christian training and religious education in this Western land. We feel honored that we are participants in twining the laurel wreath of victory, which Notre Dame so richly deserves for her long and loyal service in that noblest work which God has given into the hands of man,—the instruction and development of the youthful mind. As devoted sons of a cherished mother, we utter the hope that, as the years go by, she will increase in power, beauty and wisdom; and that fifty years hence, the red disk of day, as he slowly sinks into his western bed, will gild with his golden glory a Notre Dame grander, nobler, more perfect, even, than the Notre Dame we behold to-day.

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"WORK to satisfy thine own nature, thine innermost craving for truth, beauty, and love,—not to please another."

### The Gift—The Alumni Poem.

HON. T. E. HOWARD, LL. D.

THY gift the poet well hath told,  
Is never pure if merely pelf;  
Is measured not by gems or gold,  
But ever part of thy best self.

The bard presents his flowing lines,  
The mystic currents of his soul;  
Instinct with life, their beauty shines,  
Their numbers sweet in music roll.

His first earned coin the stalwart boy  
Unto his mother gladly brings,  
A token proud to her of joy,  
More precious than the gifts of kings.

The gardener gives his fragrant rose,  
Which tender care and patient days  
Have wrought till peerless beauty glows,  
At once his own and Nature's praise.

The hunter brings his captured prize,  
Won in the depths of the silent wood;  
Proving him strong and brave and wise,  
Fearless of beast, or crag, or flood.

The warrior's gift, his sweat and toil,  
On weary march, in deadly strife;  
His blood to lave the sacred soil;—  
If more is sought, he yields his life.

When once, beneath old Rome, the ground  
Split wide and deep; when the infernal fires  
Were seen below, and the muttering sound  
Of hell was heard by the Roman sires;—

Then, too, great hope with terror strives;  
"If ye would save the Roman state,  
Your homes, your children and your wives—  
What is most precious, yield to fate."

The voice is heard: what shall they find?—  
Silver and gold and kingly crowns,  
Honors and rank, yea, gifts of mind?—  
All these; yet fate more darkly frowns.

The yawning chasm wider grows;  
"What is most precious?"—all men cry;  
Again the still, small voice arose:  
"Thyself, O man, to live or die."

And then, as often since, came forth  
A man whose love of man surpassed  
All love of self; and such great worth  
Prevailed when in the ruin cast.

But not alone the gift of death  
Is precious in the eyes of Heaven;  
More priceless still the living breath,  
The patient life to duty given.

When pestilence lurks in the air,  
And Death strives for the mastery;  
Then generous wealth her part will bear,  
And the State send forth her brave decree.

But in the presence of mute pain,  
Of fevered brow and pallid cheek,  
Where wrath lays out his thousands slain,  
All wealth is poor, all power is weak.

Then comes the low, firm, tender word,  
The gentle Sister's soothing hand,  
The voice of hope again is heard,  
A greater gift hath blessed the land.

Where power was helpless, wealth was vain,  
Meek charity, in both arrayed,  
Drove terror from the couch of pain,  
Till even death no more dismayed.

So human weakness grows to strength,  
So triumph waits on self that dies,  
So God unites His power at length  
To aid this generous sacrifice.

'Tis thus each gift more perfect grows,  
As 'tis the giver's better part;  
Who answers, "Yea," the best bestows,  
When asked: "My son, give Me thy heart."

When good men seek to bear the light  
Of blessed truth to pagan lands,  
To take for them God's banner bright  
And lift it high in Christian hands,

What gifts are showered on the cause;  
What nations help with fleets and arms;  
How deep proud wealth her treasure draws;  
How eloquence bestows her charms!

But one thing more is needed still;  
In vain will fleets and armies try,  
In vain sweet speech display good will;—  
A man must bear that banner high.

Apart, alone, some hermit youth,  
Deep learned in the lore of saints,  
Beloved of God, communes with truth,  
And knows the heathen's mute complaint.

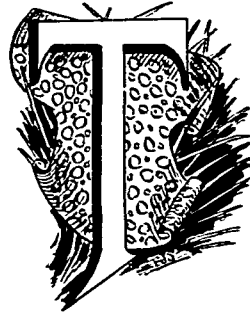
Inspired of Heaven, inflamed with love,  
He lifts the banner of the Cross,  
Goes forth, alone, God's truth to prove,  
And counts as gain all earthly loss.

How greater than all other gifts  
This royal gift of self appears;  
How near to God such treasure lifts  
This poor weak frame of hopes and fears!

Ye men and women, blest of Heaven,  
Who, self-denying, here have wrought;  
Your perfect gift to God was given,  
And hence His gifts to you were brought.

"Our Alma Mater."

WILLIAM P. BREEN, L.L. D. '77.



THE Past is the theme of the night. The Past, with its works, its glories and its memories, is the inspiration of the evening. Notre Dame of the past, through her alumni, salutes this magnificent audience with that warmth of

greeting which comes from the pulsations of that heart and the flashes of that mind, which the genius of education ever keeps in life.

The aims of the past have been at one upon the realization of this occasion, and this distinguished assemblage is the tribute of approval to the labors and hopes of that education which has here its place and abode.

The leaders of educational methods in the Catholic Church are here to-night, lending grace and prestige to the celebration of a red-letter day in the calendar of Christian education. The champions of higher education, the seekers of, and wishers for, broader and deeper knowledge, the men of mentality in our Church are fain here, instinct with pride at the triumph of the most genial factor in, and the nearest ideal of, educational betterment in America.

The spirit of the day dictates the elevation of education, the broadening of its scope and the lifting up of its plane. In the light of this dictum, *Alma Mater* offers to-day an object lesson sublimely impressive. The splendor of her story beams upon us all to-night. The forest has been metamorphosed into the site of the leading Catholic educational fane in the land. The old university building, which smote my juvenile eyes with awe well-nigh twenty-five years ago, has given way to the present magnificent main building. Old Washington Hall, statuetted with delicious memories, the scene of our histrionic and literary efforts,—the walls of its stage covered with crude inscriptions of preceding dramatic events and the names of those who trod its boards—has passed away, replaced by this elegant structure. As memory traces these material changes at Notre Dame, occasional halts might be made and occasional tears might be shed; but, after all, buildings are treasured in memory but for their association with men,—men whom we loved, men whom we admired, men who have gone to the world beyond, leaving here the

"THOU mayst not be an artist who works in stone or on canvas, or who breathes harmonious numbers, but an artist thou shouldst become, in the ceaseless effort to fashion thy own life into the likeness of what is true, beautiful, and good."

monument which tells of their life and labors.

Education is a great purpose. Rightly interpreted and applied, it is the greatest purpose of the people. Therefore, should an old alumnus feel the tinge of pride upon his cheek as he stands here in the face of this brilliant gathering, according honor to his *Alma Mater* upon her passage of the fiftieth milestone in that proud existence which we trust may prove perennial. In the midst of the great and pleasing recollections of the hour, he stands facing an audience thrilling with fidelity to better education, filled with admiration for higher education and alive with the hope that the purpose imbedded here of increasing improvement in educational methods may lead to the realization of that higher, nobler life which is the aspiration of every intellectual Catholic.

The unlettered knock in vain to-day at the portals of professional and business life, where fifty years ago the *entrée* was accessible to all, regardless of educational equipment. A great change has been wrought. The life of fifty years ago is not the life of to-day. The conditions of *then* and *now* differ *toto cælo*.

Thank God! we have passed the time when the uneducated and unrefined man can enter the professions and the clergy. To-day the doors of medicine, of surgery, of law, of all the professions, and of theology are practically barred to him who is without a good education and without manners. As a lawyer, I know that all lines of knowledge and all avenues of refinement are replete with profit to the man of any calling, and I am glad to realize that the unlettered and unmannered lawyer is a relic of the past—the dead past—the never-to-be-resuscitated past. I would have every man and every woman educated, cultivated and refined, and I would have them all dwell upon this sublunary sphere and not upon the inaccessible heights of Utopia. These thoughts fill my soul with joy to-night. These reflections bring me to a fuller appreciation of the honor of a place upon this programme to-night before an audience the like of which I may never behold again. Every lover of higher education, whether he ever set foot upon these grateful grounds or not, must rejoice that the University of Notre Dame has called the thinking people to witness that for fifty years she has devoted herself solely to education; that each year has seen the improvement of her means and the increase of her influence, until to-day she stands first and fairest in the group of Catholic institutions in these United States. She has given to every line of business, live, honorable, senseful men, with mind and nerve and spirit, the indices

of success; she has given to the professions bright perspicacious minds, habited in probity and high purpose. Not yet hushed in this Hall are the accents of the gracious muse of an old alumnus of Notre Dame, showing the love and honor which the versatile Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana would tender to his *Alma Mater*. She has given of her best to the clergy in every degree, and masterful Notre Dame men from the archiepiscopal rank to the humble country benefice are to be found ornaments of the cloth. What better testimony would you have of the lavish gifts of great men to the Church than the presence and efforts upon this stage of the two distinguished clergymen who preceded me and who charmed you but a few moments since?

Nor fame, nor honor, nor triumph has laurels but I would place upon the brow of the educator. His is a sacred calling, the vital calling for the well-being of the State, and its perpetuity. In our country, the genius of education consecrates the very air we breathe and hallows the ground upon which we tread. The developing force which gives most liberally character, rank and prestige to the man, be his origin never so lowly, is, in America, education. Catholic education, abreast of the times, in touch with modern, properly-balanced notions, is the most sacred cause of the day; it is the foundation of good; the preventive of evil. Those engaged in educational work have a God-like mission, but, like every mission from God, filled with never-ending trial and vexation. Though the educator's labors are arduous and unrequited, though he labors unknown to the world at large in the recesses of the school, even to the end of life, bearing a burden that never lightens, still is he an ornament of this world and an emblem of a better world.

In this cause our *Alma Mater* has consecrated unselfishly and exclusively fifty years. Of her stately growth and splendid career, devotees of education, regardless of creed or method, are profoundly appreciative. We who, as students, gathered knowledge here and were kept face to face with the opportunities, the grand and limitless possibilities, of acquiring all knowledge, classical, scientific or literary, are affectionately proud.

While the *personnel* of Notre Dame's Faculty has entirely changed since first I crossed her threshold, the University has never halted, despite deaths, removals and changes, but has moved onward and upward into that place which to-day imperiously challenges the admiration of all. Many of the good, the true, the learned and the

high-minded souls, who were of her growth a part, are now in another sphere; but are they not all here, to-night, in spirit? Yes; the shades of the departed who labored here during the past fifty years, are all hovering here to night, viewing the triumph which their energies, their brains and their hearts sought to consummate, and praying that the success,—the great success—of the past may be but an earnest of the future, the great future of this great Catholic University.

If there be any lesson in this day, it should surely teach what effort, what spirit, and what mental brawn can accomplish. In sooth, is this place vocal with the eloquence of results! We gathered here the basis of education; we embraced here the principles of right conduct; we formed and cemented here happy friendships and tender associations. These were all with us when we passed into the world; these inclined us to right purposes; these impelled us to honestly-earned success. If we have failed in life, the fault is our own; if we gathered aught of success, to Notre Dame the credit belongs. Therefore, to the old students, let me put a suggestion which occurs to me as most apposite at this moment: when you paid your tuition, you did not pay the full debt which you owed your *Alma Mater*. The fears, anxieties and vigils of those who supervised your discipline and instruction have not been requited; the unction, zeal and spirit which robed their unselfish efforts, are yet to receive compensation. Gratitude to Notre Dame has not been our conspicuous virtue, nor have we evinced that grateful sense which should have permeated our souls, when, with degree or diploma, we started hence in life to build upon the foundation so well and exquisitely laid here.

While some of the great colleges of our land are revelling in American munificence, Notre Dame, the foremost Catholic institution in the land, has had neither scholarship nor endowment, save in the profusion of loyal heart, unswerving purpose, unmixed zeal, noble aim and magnificent faith which motivated those to whom especially the glory of this day is to be ascribed. Old students, who have inherited wealth, old students who have made wealth, old students who are acquiring wealth, let me remind you that the mental cultivation which assisted you in the acquisition of means, and the mental culture which will make your means enjoyable, were all imparted at Notre Dame. When you speak of charity, I would rather be the giver of an education to some bright-minded, but poverty-burdened, boy, who would otherwise grovel in misery and ignorance through life, than the donor of the

finest cathedral. Down deep in my heart, I should cherish the consciousness of having done a greater good to good citizenship, to society and to my country, than if a Carrara marble tablet should tell of my donation of a temple of costly finish and architectural beauty. Would you monumentalize the deeds of those who watched after and taught you when students? Would you hold up to coming generations the excellencies of mind and heart which won your admiration when boys here?

From Notre Dame's distinguished dead, whom I knew, in the little cemetery on the shores of St. Mary's Lake yonder, I would cull names typical of every grace of mind and every fine affection of heart—names to which we might do just and grateful honor, by association with scholarships to be erected here. Of those I knew and loved—I did not know the gifted Father Dillon—I would give you a name renowned in Catholic circles the world over, the Founder of this University, the spirit that made this day possible,—the great Edward Sorin! I would give you the name of a courtly gentleman, an accomplished president and lovable character whose friends were legion—Augustus Lemonnier! I would give you the name of that paragon of saintly humility and sacerdotal purity, whom none knew but to love—Alexis Granger! I would give you the name of that scholar and brainful literary character—Neal H. Gillespie! I would give you the name of that independent, many-sided, typical college man—Patrick J. Colovin! I would give you the name of that gracious spirit and affable priest, Francis C. Bigelow! I would give you the name of that erudite thinker, large-hearted friend and most unostentatious and modest of men—John A. O'Connell! Passing from the clergy for a moment, I would give you the name of that sincere religious in whose spirit there was no guile,—honest, manly Brother Paul! I would give you the name of that unique scholar, that versatile genius and genial professor,—Arthur J. Stace! I would give you the name of that royal-hearted, scholarly-minded professor, truest and best of friends—Joseph A. Lyons! In fine, I would give you a name among names, the greatest of Notre Dame's great dead; a name distinguishing, a heart filled with the finest affections and a mind matured in every noble accomplishment—the never-to-be-forgotten Thomas E. Walsh!

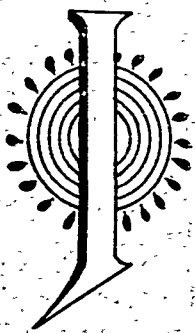
Stop for a reflective moment along the streets of any city, gaze upon one of the many urchins in rags and dirt playing in the gutter, the offspring of destitution and want, who, before his hands are able and before the rudiments of learning can be permitted to reach his soul; will be

driven by his condition into some sweatbox to eke out a miserable existence, wherein the mind will be always shrouded in ignorance, and think what would be your benefaction were you to transfer that boy from the dirt, ignorance and crime of his surroundings to this place of cleanliness, knowledge and purity of mind! Who can tell but that he might become a man amongst men, "a beacon of knowledge, refinement and influence, upon our highest intellectual plane." In such a circle the youthful Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected.

The closing thought which I would put to you in my rudely inexpressive phrase, was the inspiration of an Irish orator years ago, who, in contemplating the children of the street in a town of his native land, burst into this magnificent period:—"How often have I thought within that circle of neglected triflers, who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanages, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture, might perhaps blossom, adorn, immortalize or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton 'pregnant with celestial fire'; some Curran who, when thrones are crumbling and dynasties forgotten, might stand, the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruin and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play."

#### The University and Its Work.\*

HON. CLAUDE MATTHEWS, LL. D.



"It seems to me," said Very Rev. President Morrissey, in introducing Governor Matthews, "that the history of this University would be incomplete, the character of its founders but partially understood and the spirit of its masters too little appreciated, did we not emphasize in a particular manner the two chief features which constantly marked the growth and success of this institution. From the day of its foundation down to our own, Notre Dame

has always endeavored to impress upon the minds and hearts of her pupils the necessity of uniting, in their convictions, the highest doctrines of morality and the soundest principles of patriotism. As the opening exercises on the first day of our jubilee were calculated to impress upon our minds our duties as Christians, it seems to me most fitting that the exercises of this evening be closed by one whose position would necessarily presuppose a merit of the highest type. We have now with us the Chief Executive of the great State of Indiana—the state to which the nation has many times looked for a man in whose hands to place secure the duties of the highest gift in her power. And if there is one in this country who is competent to show to you how the Church and the State can work in perfect harmony in carrying on a liberal education, and thereby realizing the ideals of Christian civilization, it is the high-minded and truly liberal Governor of our State. I feel honored in introducing to those assembled here to-night, His Excellency, Claude Matthews, Governor of the State of Indiana.

GOVERNOR MATTHEWS:—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, he would, indeed, be heartless who would not be gratified with such a reception as has been accorded me here to-night, and I desire to thank you, President Morrissey, and you, Rev. Fathers and gentlemen of the Alumni, for the invitation which gives me the opportunity to be with you to-night, and gratify the desire I long have felt to visit this, the seat of your long and useful labors, so well known throughout the State of Indiana. I am also glad to be here on so memorable an occasion as this, the Golden Jubilee of a great institution. It is not wholly of our state; for state lines have not restricted its powers or its fame, but, reaching out beyond, it claims a wider field than this for its own, and it is surely a pardonable pride that the citizens of Indiana feel that so great a university devoted to learning and culture, to the arts and to the sciences of the highest class, is within the borders of their state. I, like others of our state, had long heard of, without seeing, Notre Dame, and while my ideas had by no means been narrow, yet I am forced to confess that it exceeds the proportions, scope and beauty which I had given it.

Standing here to-night, my fellow-citizens, and looking back through the years that are past, viewing all that has been accomplished, there rises before me this night the picture of a zealous, ardent young priest, with his soul filled with noble impulses and with lofty aspirations, more than fifty years ago, as he first looked over the snow-covered fields before him. With undaunted

\* Closing remarks on Alumni Night, Tuesday, the 11th, by his Excellency, the Governor of Indiana.

courage and Christian zeal, he carried into the solitude of the western forest the holy cross—the emblem of sublime faith and a great Church, and with a generous love for his race, laid here the foundation of a splendid temple to be devoted to God and humanity, and destined to yield a mighty influence and extend its blessings to mankind in all years to come. I feel that the history of this institution can but be an inspiration in itself to the youths who may gather here to prepare themselves for the highest duties of citizenship and leave here well equipped for noble and useful lives. The corner-stones of this institution were of exalted courage, unfaltering faith, unwavering purpose, and a pure spirit of self-sacrifice that knew no discouragement, but overcame every obstacle and pushed bravely forward to the end. What greater incentive to the youth, or higher resolve and lofty aim, than is the history of Notre Dame? I have often thought that there comes down from on high to men engaged in a noble and great work a divine inspiration, at times, that lifts them up out of, and beyond, the conditions and surroundings of their day, and while they know it not, yet their work is not for themselves in their time alone, but reaches on into the future, and is to be for those who follow after as well. I say to the young men, who may assemble in these halls: "Read the history of Notre Dame; study the lives of its founders, its teachers and its work, and learn therein the lesson that leads to success in the battle of life awaiting you all; and which surely crowns the efforts of man if devoted to high purpose, when manfully, earnestly and persistently pursued."

More than one hundred years ago the representatives of a people, just emerging from a long, cruel, devastating war, assembled to frame a constitution which would bind them more closely together, strengthen them as a nation, and secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and their children. These representatives were brave, earnest, intelligent men, animated by the purest and highest sentiments of patriotism; yet their nation was small and weak, their wants were simple, and the conditions surrounding them of purely primitive character. They knew not then the vast extent of their country, nor in their wildest dreams could they have foretold its possibilities, its resources, nor of the development and the progress of its future. But when that convention adjourned, when it had ended its labors, our fathers had given to us our immortal Constitution, and we find that instrument, designed by those representatives of a primitive people of three and one half millions so wisely written, so strongly

worded, so broad and comprehensive, that to-day that Constitution meets the needs and demands of a nation of seventy millions of people. Those men were but human, and yet can we say they were not inspired for the great work committed to their hands? And so, reading the history of Notre Dame fifty years ago, that little band of brave, earnest priests and brothers devoting their lives to a great and noble work, encountering and overcoming difficulties, superior to all discouragement, rose above the narrow conditions of their lives, aided by the inspiration of their high and lofty resolve, or, it may be, an inspiration coming from above, bravely and wisely laid the foundation for the future. The log cabin of that time—these splendid temples of strength and beauty to-day! A small beginning—a magnificent result! So has it been through all the years that followed, the same bold, earnest, persistent, generous direction which you witness to-day in its present management, I am glad to say. The history of Notre Dame is linked and interwoven with the history of our state and the great Northwest, and all along has kept even step with the wonderful progress of the people. Her sons have gone forth from her doors to fill their places in the world and do her honor in all the walks of life. This has been referred to here to-night, but it will bear repetition:—When the dread ring of war re-echoed throughout the land, her sons responded to their country's call; some to lead, like Healy and Lynch, their followers to victory; others through gentle service to strengthen the arms of the living and minister the last comfort to the dying; and alas! there were some never to return from their sacred mission, where they had fallen a sacrifice to this devotion to their country.

The field of literature has been made musical with the sweet songs of Egan, and the recorded thoughts of Notre Dame's other sons. In science she rests secure in the contributions of Father Zahm and the men who went before him. As we have had a witness here to-night who just preceded me, they have adorned the law and, clothed with the sacred robes of justice, have honored the highest courts, even as Chief Justice Howard honors the Supreme Court of this state to-day.

I congratulate you, Reverend Fathers, friends and students of Notre Dame, that you have been able to witness this Golden Jubilee of a grand existence. Few or none of us who are assembled here to night may be able to witness the centennial anniversary of this University. But even then the memories of the lives of its founders and its teachers, who came after and carried on their work, will be as dear to those who then meet as are the memories of their lives and labors to those who have been to all of us here to-night.

I say to you, students, friends and patrons of Notre Dame, that if she be true to her magnificent past, if she live and labor in and for the present, there can, and there will be, no doubt of the still more glorious future which awaits her. I thank you!

## The Makers of the University.\*

REV. NATHAN J. MOONEY, D. D., '77.



WHEN I recall to mind the presence in this pulpit of the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, on the occasion of the death of Very Reverend Father Sorin, and the words of the Right Reverend Bishop of Peoria, at the time that Father Walsh was called to his reward, it is with the greatest diffidence that I appear here to-day to speak to you, not over the mortal remains of these and other faithful dead, but on an occasion that must tinge with sorrow even the Golden Jubilee rejoicings of this great Catholic educational institution.

It is but a short time since the devoted followers and innumerable friends of Father Sorin were preparing to place upon his brow the golden crown that was to tell of four score years of uninterrupted fidelity to his God, and of more than half a century consecrated to the service of all that is beautiful and helpful upon earth—religion, education, humanity, truth.

But higher and mightier hands made it evident that a crown was to be placed there, whose lustre would never tarnish, and whose brilliancy was not to be enhanced by the praises of men. For the Spirit of love and truth has said: "Those who instruct unto justice shall shine as stars in the kingdom of God." In fact, the hand of God seemed to lie heavily upon the place He had blessed so signally. Within the brief period of a few months, several of Notre Dame's choicest spirits and best-beloved children were taken from her. And their associates in the labor of love for humanity and Christian education, nay, many of her sons throughout the land, felt that she had suffered an almost irreparable loss. But Divine Providence never projects or inspires to completion a great work without being abundantly able to secure all the human agencies required for its beneficent ends.

While, therefore, we recall the name and labors of Father Sorin, and the memory of his ever-faithful associates—Fathers Granger, Dillon, Colovin, Walsh, O'Connell, Lemonnier, Gillespie, and many other humble priests and religious, and also of others, whose names bring a responsive thrill from the heart of every old student,

\* Sermon delivered on Wednesday morning, June 12, at the Pontifical Requiem Mass for the souls of the deceased Alumni and benefactors of the University.

Professors Lyons and Stace—we thank God, this morning, that this vast inheritance has not come down to the hands of a weak posterity.

It is not wonderful, then, that those to whom it has descended, should be solicitous, not only for everything that may give a guarantee of greater intellectual development, but also for the maintenance of the sweetest and holiest ties that bind human hearts together—that spiritual love that goes beyond the grave to the bosom of God Himself, where it is assured it will never change and can never die.

This, I apprehend, dearly beloved, is the reason why you are invited to the House of God to-day: to implore Him to be merciful to His servants, and to pray that He may inspire others with love for the high ideals for which all earthly honors and human considerations were sacrificed; that humanity may be ennobled and resemble more and more the Divine Model; be sympathetic, charitable, just; that truth may be diffused throughout the land; that the meaning of true liberty may be understood, jealously guarded, unflinchingly upheld; that genuine love of country, real patriotism, may be instilled into the minds of its future citizens and defenders; that personal integrity and righteousness may take precedence of every consideration of wealth, fame, power and position; and above all, that religious convictions may be the governing principle in man's intercourse with his fellow-man, the beacon light that is to guide him through the turmoil and strife of human life, and bring him to the only object that can satisfy the thirsting of human intellect for knowledge, the longings of the human heart for love.

There are many here to-day, no doubt, who never met, or had but a passing acquaintance with, those whose memories we revere and for whose souls we offer up supplication to the Almighty. And with the utmost deference for what others might think appropriate on this occasion, I am convinced that it is only a well-defined notion, however brief, of the nature and worth of the really divine ideals to which they devoted their lives, that will give us a lasting sense of the gratitude we, and every lover of humanity, owe to these men. These ideals are an intelligent conception of what human nature is, what its capabilities are, why it is placed here, what is the best thing to do for it that it may be elevated, perfected and given the widest possible range for development and the pursuit of real happiness. So the world, in theory at least, has always said; but these men by their lives have answered that the solution of this problem is

involved in the right understanding of one great and universal idea; that the answer is clear: you must educate it. And you must educate, not by some general maxims and high-sounding theories, but with an absolute certainty of the great fundamental truths that underlie it, and govern it in the individual, that the influence of this education may be felt, and its power acknowledged in the home, by society, by the nation, by the world. If these are not the reasons why they have a claim on our gratitude, then I can see no special reason why they should be remembered at all. For thousands upon thousands of men have left home and friends and country, and have undergone as great, if not greater, physical hardships and mental anxieties in the pursuit of wealth, or whatever fortune might throw in their way, and yet humanity is under no obligation to hold their memories sacred. But, as I have said, if we are to bear away with us a lasting sense of gratitude and, it may be, a resolve to aid, in some way, the cause to which Father Sorin and his co-laborers devoted their lives, we must have strong intellectual convictions.

To be educated, as these men understood it, and rightly too, does not mean that you know more than I do; that I know more than some one else, and another, again, knows more than either of us. It has a broader, deeper and more potent significance.

To educate—not to stop to examine the quibbles of theorists—means, for the practical man, to bring out all the innate possibilities of human nature. It comprehends a system that makes clear to the mind that knowledge and truth constitute its perfection; and it makes it equally clear that the mind is very far from being the entire man. It opens up to him the broad and complex relationship he bears to the creatures about him. It speaks to him of the sacredness of duty and the obligations he has to his neighbor, to society, to his country, to himself, to his God. It lays before him the scenes that are being enacted in the arena of life, and forthwith he discovers that he must not only know what is right, but do what is right. That he must be charitable, chaste, patient, kind, honest, just, at whatever cost, if he would be, even in a worldly sense, an honorable and perfect man.

Are not these things the very essence of all that is admirable in human life, the infallible tests of nobility of character? Are not their opposites the most damnable vices that disgrace a nation or an individual? This, we believe, is an universal truth. No matter what department of the natural order we may investigate, we are everywhere forced to

this conclusion—that perfection is found, not in any one part, but in the harmony and development of all together.

There is a little poetry and a little truth in a description of the waving fields of green, that give promise of an abundant harvest. But let nature refuse to give the necessary warmth and moisture, or the devastating blight enter there, and the rhythm and fancy of poetry are a poor substitute for bread. The fruit trees may blossom in springtime and fill the air with fragrance, but if there is not sufficient nourishment and care, if nature guard not the little germ as a tender mother would a tiny babe, when we come to look for delicious fruit, we find it shrivelled, if not decayed. The noblest animal ever bred may be rendered worse than useless by being allowed to run wild and untamed, or by being put into the hands of a vicious trainer. If this is true of the whole domain of nature, how much more so of man, who is endowed with faculties fraught with an almost infinite power for good or evil? For upon the proper development and right use of these faculties depend the progress of civilization, the destinies of nations, the eternal welfare, as we believe, of every soul born into this world.

A glance at the world's history will convince any man that this is the truth. We say a *glance*; for books have been written on the progress of civilization and the causes of the rise and fall of empires and kingdoms. But a few thoughts, first, on the condition and civilization of the world before Christianity, and secondly, on what we know to be facts since its introduction into the world, will show us the true import of the lives of these men, and the fate of humanity left to its own unaided efforts. Neither knowledge, pure and simple, nor might, nor money, nor material grandeur has ever made a nation great, a civilization lasting, a cause just, a man respectable in the estimation of cultured minds.

We hear much, in fact we are compelled, and rightly, too, to learn much of ancient civilizations, the Greek and Roman and a few others. What are the lessons they teach us? Why did they not endure? They give us the records of the greatest military heroes and the most astounding military achievements of those who had conquered the known world and wept because there were not other worlds to conquer. They speak to us of some of the wisest and best legislators. They show us a fabulous wealth. They tell us of some of the greatest poets and literary men that ever lived; of those whom the educated and the scholarly, even now, prize as the exponents of genius and the most pleasing companions. Its

philosophers had reached the very acme of human reason before the world at large knew of the true and only God, or thought it worth while to speak of, or labor for, anything that did not gratify human avarice or pander to human passion.

Its orators are the models, even to-day, of all that is powerful, beautiful and persuasive in human eloquence. Yet, the very languages in which they spoke and in which they embodied and embellished the thought that stirred up the patriotism of their fellow citizens, inspired their soldiery, swayed their courts of justice, and made the most magnificent and masterly pleas ever uttered by human tongue for country, life and liberty—are dead!

Might we not speak also of other elements that go to make up what is commonly called progress, greatness, civilization? What are the lessons they teach us? Why did they not endure? History informs us; right reason and common-sense tell us; Catholic Christianity makes it clear as the noonday sun that there were elements lacking without which no human institution can make real progress or long survive. For it cannot exist or be lasting unless it is upheld, not alone by knowledge, but by the virtues also that must make up the life of every perfect man. Has human nature changed? Have these principles changed, or has the judgment of men regarding them changed, since the introduction of Christianity? I submit that they have not.

The ancient civilizations have passed away. And were it not for Christianity they would have passed away as the meteor passes through the air, leaving no impress of its glory. For whatever we have of their literature, philosophy and eloquence, has been preserved by her influence. She endeavored to civilize and Christianize the nations with which she came in contact; to make them more humane in war, if war must be; virtuous and industrious in peace; sensible of their own dignity as men, and cognizant of the rights of their fellowmen. In a word, she sought, so far as was in her power, to give them then, what she seeks to give them now—a Christian education.

It is false in principle, as history and experience prove, that knowledge alone can make good citizens, insure true liberty, create personal integrity, or prove to be the bulwark of progress and material prosperity, because we know what is right is great and good, and to love and insist upon it is greater and better; but to give all one's power and energy, and even life itself, that others may love and insist upon it, that is the work of the Saviour; that is divine. And that has been the life-work of Father Sorin and his children.

When we examine those things that are commonly supposed to constitute human greatness and contribute most to its progress even since the dawn of Christianity, what is the final and all-sufficient test for the formation of a correct and just judgment? When we speak of its literature, no matter at what period it may have been produced, do we not subject it to the most critical analysis in order to determine whether or not it is not only beautiful and true, but also good? It bears the impress, if you will, of genius, yet it is often dangerous, immoral, worse than death to the youth into whose hands it comes, and you can judge an age, a people, a man, by the character of the literature that is produced and finds favor.

If we are called upon to pass judgment on its philosophy, we admire acuteness and logic in reasoning, but we want to know the principles on which it is based before we are willing to say that it is a correct view of the great truths upon which society must rest, and by which it must be governed, and its full measure of progress and happiness be secured.

We admire the statesman who is able by his foresight and wisdom to lay broad and deep the foundations of national prosperity and greatness. But no matter how astute and powerful—and there have been some of them—humanity will always detest their trickery, deception and injustice.

The peoples of all nations assemble at times to listen to the recital of the great achievements of their military and civil leaders. But after all, what is it that make their memories worth revering and the mention of their names sufficient to arouse national enthusiasm? Is it not their virtues and the real or supposed justice and humanity of their cause? Take these things away and they fall like an idol pushed rudely from its pedestal.

Which of the most radical revolutionists, even within the Christian era, ever moved men to carnage and bloodshed, that did not claim that he did so in the cause of humanity, right justice and liberty? And there is not an instance of even one, so far as I know, who, when opportunity offered, did not prove himself to be the most de-picable of men and unrelenting of tyrants.

Where is the advocate of anarchy or the political assassin who does not send up the cry, that he acted in vindication of the rights of the people? Where is the demagogue who does not say that if he is elected to office, affairs will be honestly administered, vice stamped out, and an era of prosperity inaugurated?

We have had, since the advent of the Christian

era, where Christian truth and morality have been disregarded, examples of slavery as degrading, tyranny as vile, persecution as cruel, revolutions as terrible as any that existed in pagan times. In many cases they have no parallel. What is the meaning of these things for thinking men? They prove conclusively that the sources from which they spring are still in the hearts of men. And if you take away from a man, a nation, or the world, the influences that hold these tendencies in check, they will go back to a condition even worse than barbarism or paganism, for they do so in the full light of Christian truth. Solomon asked for wisdom and he received it; but with all his wisdom, he sank even lower than the lowest of the pagans.

Man went from civilization to barbarism for this cause in the beginning. And there is no historical record that tells of any nation, of itself, and unaided by any outside influences, having come to a state of civilization from barbarism. But there is abundant proof to the contrary. And there is not a page of ancient or modern history that does not bear testimony to a truth brought home to us by daily experience, viz., that knowledge alone never has made, and never can make, good men and honest citizens.

The great mistake of those who, in practice at least, make so little account of this, is that they appear to think that if Christian truth is such an indispensable element of education, Christ should have created a new race of men. They forget, or have not the mental ability to comprehend, that God in His omnipotence, could not have made man unless He made him free. If, therefore, he is a free, responsible agent, he must be governed by fixed moral principles, and be restrained in the use of his freedom by moral influences. That alone is in harmony with his nature, and can make of him an intelligent, free man, with the freedom wherewith Christ has made him free. Otherwise he is an automaton or a slave.

This can only be done at that time of life when the mind is free from the promptings of passion, self interest, wrong ambition, and a score of other illusions that often hold it in the balance for a time with men of the most sterling integrity.

Father Sorin understood this. And he determined that his own life, and the lives of all who had the courage to follow him, should be devoted to humanity's greatest good—Christian education! And it may be that the most striking event recorded in history, as proof of all that has been said, had much to do with his resolution. He had just grown to manhood and finished his education

under the direction of some of the survivors of the terrible French Revolution, when he was inspired by Heaven to come to this land of the free. On his arrival here, he wrote to his Superiors, "Here is the portion of my inheritance; here will I dwell all the days of my life." And from the day that he extended his consecrated hands to the untutored and half-civilized savages who dwelt upon this spot, to the moment of his death, he never faltered in his purpose. He felt that he was called by Heaven, not merely as a missionary to God's children, but to establish here a great centre of Catholic truth. Refined, cultured, broad-minded Christian gentleman and genuine priest that he was, he was convinced that the place of American youth was in the first rank of intelligent free men, and in the highest grade of Christian morality.

"Sometimes," he said shortly after his arrival, "when I think of the good that can be done throughout this country, had we a college conducted according to Catholic principles, my desire to erect such a building torments me and disturbs my rest. With my Brothers and myself, I presented to the Blessed Virgin all those generous souls whom Heaven should be pleased to call around me on this spot, or who should come after me. From that moment I remember not a single instance of a serious doubt in my mind as to the final result of our exertions." Behold the outcome of this trust in God! Many of those who labored most faithfully for this great cause passed away before him. But he and they are the example and inspiration of those who come after them. I, for myself, will never forget the day, when he, supported by two of his faithful Brothers, left his oldest living associate, Father Granger, in his death agony, to come and take a last look at the remains of Father Walsh, and this, after he had prayed perseveringly that he might be taken and the other spared. His faith in God, his love for, and confidence in, the people whom he had come to serve, and the sacred boon of Christian education committed by Divine Providence to his care, sustained him, and filled up the measure of the lives of his associates. They certainly, therefore, deserve most of humanity, who have devoted themselves to its best interests, and they deserve its gratitude above all others, who have made the most intelligent and absolute sacrifice of all things for its sake.

Such are those of whom we speak and for whom we pray to-day. We cannot recount their privations and sufferings through fifty years, from the lowly log cabin and the bleak December, when the very members of the religious were frozen

and there was not even a bed to lie upon, to these great evidences of God's special benediction, and the comforts offered to the friends and patrons of Notre Dame on this midsummer day! Oh, what divine patience and resignation in trial, what sympathy for humanity, what disinterested love for the youth, the institution, the perpetuity of this, their adopted or native land, and their God, must have inspired those departed souls to labor here for the habit they wore and a grave on yonder knoll! They would welcome with heavenly joy the champions of Christian liberty and Christian education seated in this sanctuary to-day, whose glory and crown it is to see that the youth entrusted to them may become the safeguard and the pride of their religion and their country.

If they were with us to-day, they would exhort us, in their humility, to pray that God in His infinite power and mercy might raise up other men of greater intelligence, deeper sympathy and more perfect love, who would continue the work they had begun. We feel certain, that as they must have said day after day, with Thomas Aquinas, when it was a question of the reward of their labors, so would they say to-day, "Nothing but Thyself, O Lord." We know that in the midst of these Jubilee rejoicings they would exclaim! *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini, tuo da gloriam!*—"Not to us O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name give glory!"

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#### Eloquence and Liberty.

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DANIEL P. MURPHY, A. B., '95.

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EVERYTHING material is doomed to decay and death. On history's open page is written in indelible characters the story of man's feebleness and the instability of his handiwork. The highways of civilization are filled with venerable ruins of the past, mouldering monuments of a former greatness. It is only the fruit of his mental activity—of the lofty faculties with which an Infinite God gifted him, of the nobler and more spiritual part of his being, that survives the wreck of time.

The sacred temples of old Athens are in the dust; her stately pillars and sculptured columns lie shattered and broken, but those few great minds who, even while groping amid the shadows and darkness of paganism, conceived an idea of man's dignity and lofty destiny still live with us. In all

his earnest simplicity Socrates still utters his high ideals of duty, and Plato eloquently discourses on the immortality of the soul. We may sit at the feet of the blind Homer and listen forever to his tale of the faithless Helen and the Trojan heroes, and the glowing words of Demosthenes will echo and re-echo to the end of ages throughout the silent halls of time. Rome, who, from her seven hills, ruled the world—the Rome of the Caesars—with its pageants and triumphal arches, is but a memory and a dream; but the gentle Mantuan still sings his sweet songs to every schoolboy; in the Senate house, Cicero still hurls his fierce invectives at the head of Catiline, and tries to waken to new life a dying nation. The sublime thoughts of the world's great intellects are immortal; they will live forever as man's rich heritage from ages long passed away.

Eloquence in its loftiest flights is beyond question the highest order of mental creation; the greatest effort of which the human mind is capable—in its nature the most astonishing, in its results the most wonderful. Other men may wield a more far-reaching and lasting influence on human affairs, but none so quickly and completely as the orator obtain dominion over their fellow-beings. In the peace and silence of his chamber, after long years of patient study, the philosopher conceives measures calculated to cure humanity's ills; amid the heat and strife of political combat the statesman formulates the laws which are to bring peace and prosperity to his country; in the field, bearing the burden of many long and weary campaigns, the general vindicates his nation's honor; but the triumphs of the orator are immediate. To feel a nation's life-blood quicken and its mighty heart wildly beat and throb under the influence of his magic art; to see every eye flash and sparkle and every soul kindle with the fire of his own enthusiasm; to melt the fierce passions of contending factions in the glow of his own eloquence; to change the opinions of a lifetime in a single moment, and to read in the noble thoughts to which he gives utterance the history of his country's future—this is the part of the orator alone.

Eloquence requires for its conception a combination of the most exalted powers of man. The orator must unite in himself the noblest and most dissimilar faculties of the soul. He must possess brilliancy of imagination and solidity of judgment, the fire and warmth of poetry and the coldness of prose; a mind stored with the knowledge of books and of men and a sympathetic heart capable of receiving all impressions. He must be able to read the minds of men, to enter into their being, to share with them the thoughts and feelings and

emotions that animate his own existence. He must make himself a part of all that the world contains. The perfect orator is the perfect intellectual man.

Orators of the highest rank have been fewer in number than the most brilliant epic or dramatic poets or the boldest military geniuses. The amphitheatre of old Athens rang with plaudits for three great dramatists, but all Greece produced only one Demosthenes. The legions of Cæsar pitched their camps on the shores of far-away Britain; Pompey proudly held aloft the imperial eagles among the hills and crags of Spain; the standards of Scipio waved in triumph over the temples and turrets of conquered Carthage, but Cicero stands alone to sustain the fame of Roman eloquence.

While it remains private, eloquence resembles the passing flash of lightning; it attains its perfection only when it has become public and been enkindled by the flame of political liberties. Amid the stirring events which accompanied the struggles of the Grecian republics, when they were endeavoring to throw off the cruel chains with which a tyrant's hand had bound them, the orator especially found his field of action, and Athens saw eloquence rise and reach its perfection. When the bold robber of Macedonia was overrunning fair Greece with his conquering hosts, and victory crowned his every attempt, Demosthenes alone was audacious enough to oppose him, and his ringing words roused the Athenians from their deadly lethargy and spurred them on to nobler efforts, resolved either to preserve their country inviolate from the hands of the invader or to die the death of free men.

But among the ancients the state absorbed everything; on the altar of their country they sacrificed the purest and noblest feelings of their souls. But Demosthenes and Pericles labored solely to make Athens the first city of Greece; all their efforts tended to concentrate in the Agora the moral and physical forces of the country, and to place supreme power in the hands of the Athenian people. Thus, Grecian eloquence, inspired by an excessive democracy, was sooner weakened by demagoguery, and, gradually undermined and corrupted by the deceitful gold of Macedon, it fell at last a victim to the internal dissensions of the Athenians and the power of the Roman sword.

But from the Roman liberties there soon sprang another powerful eloquence. For centuries the Forum resounded with the fierce struggles between the Senate and the people. A brief period the Gracchi shone as the champions of the rights of the plebeians, to be finally crushed beneath the

hostility and jealousy of the patricians. Cato hated Carthage; and even now his fiery accents ring in our ears and fill us with an intense admiration. Carthage fell, and on its ruins were built the ambitious hopes of the aristocrats. Everywhere the power of Rome was recognized; on all sides her armies were triumphant; the gates of the world were being opened to them; defeat was unknown. The Roman Senate, which before had been marked by its wisdom and shrewdness, now imperceptibly glided into despotism and oligarchy. Civil wars arose; Marius and Sulla each successively spilled his country's best blood — and Cicero was born.

Throughout his whole career Cicero endeavored by every means to bring back to life again the true love of country; and though he failed to save from ruin the liberties of a people blinded by their own folly, yet his failure was more glorious than a triumph; he fell a martyr to his honesty and the great cause of Roman liberty.

The eloquence of antiquity was not more successful simply because neither pagan Greece nor Rome understood what liberty is. Theirs was the liberty of an enslaved race. The state claimed everything; the individual was accorded no rights. It required a Christ to be born into the world to teach the meaning of real liberty and the true dignity of Christian manhood. Still it took many centuries till this principle was understood and many more till moral liberty, or the respect of the rights due to individuals, was made the mainstay of political existence.

The Magna Charta was the first public acknowledgment of this divine principle, and individual rights grew, and developed even more fully, on British soil. The English constitution being in its nature aristocratic, the English eloquence must be too favorable to nobility; still England may claim as her own some of the most powerful of modern orators. The polished periods of Burke held the members of the English Parliament spell-bound, and the whole world wept with O'Connell over the sorrows of a stricken land.

The French Revolution abolished all privileges; proclaimed the rights of man and secured civil equality, but it ignored the rights of God and, being enslaved by a minority, it soon sank into blood and despotism to end disgracefully in a military dictatorship. Mirabeau paved the way for Murat and Danton, and Robespierre was, of necessity, only the precursor of Napoleon.

It was reserved to us to show the world what true liberty means. For more than a hundred years the beneficent results of the best form of government man ever conceived have been

apparent in this country. Not in vain did Patrick Henry give utterance to his noble feelings in the Virginia senate house; not in vain did the minute men of Boston spill their hearts' blood at Lexington. The rattle of their musketry was a message to the world that a new epoch in the history of mankind was about to begin—an epoch of joy and gladness and true liberty.

Already a noble eloquence has sprung up among us. Two hemispheres paused on their onward course to listen to the irresistible appeals of a Webster for the preservation of the Union, and the soothing words of Clay saved from destruction two fierce factions about to be hopelessly engulfed in the whirlpool of political passion.

But it is to the future that we must look for the choicest fruits of eloquence in this country. Never in the history of the world have conditions been more favorable for its development and growth. Among us, the orator is especially a man of power, and the destinies of the nation will be largely moulded by our eloquent men. But American common-sense will deter our people from blindly following any leader, and American nobility of character will cause our orators to labor solely for the people. They have a desire for fame more lasting than the passing applause, and they will always battle earnestly and manfully for truth, for right, for the welfare of the nation.

We have learned well the lessons of the past. There is no room on one foot of American soil for the haughty aristocracy that proved Rome's ruin, nor for the sycophantic demagoguery that destroyed the liberties of Athens. We have here a really democratic form of government—a government of the people, for the people, by the people. There is in this country a divine union of Christianity and true liberty. The liberty which the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every inhabitant of the land is the liberty preached by the humble Carpenter of Nazareth and the fishermen of Galilee. Just as eloquence rapidly declines and falls into decay among demagogues and fawning aristocrats, so it flourishes and becomes powerful when the spirit of freedom reigns. In the United States liberty will ever remain the protector of eloquence, and, in its turn, eloquence will be the strong bulwark of the nation's rights. The future of eloquence in this country is indeed bright, and in the twentieth century we may look for the realization of the ideal, the perfect orator, dreamed of by Cicero and Quintilian, and he will live as the worthiest representative of Christian religion, true liberty and American manhood.

### The Letter and the Spirit.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, A. B., '95.



O the young man who has not prematurely been cast into the human whirlpool to fight, without the man's weapons, in the battle of men, there is no present. He lives only in the past and in the future;—the past, upon whose lessons of experience and wisdom he has been nourished; the future, upon whose hopes he builds and dreams. He is apt to ignore the signs of the times and forget that what is news to-day is history to-morrow. He does not realize that his own generation is the resultant of all that have gone before and, in its turn, is planting seeds that will fructify in centuries yet unnumbered. To him it is a thing apart, a balcony whence he views the pageant of history that moves before him, but in which he has no office and among which he is an onlooker and an alien.

This is the child's notion. The man soon learns that duty and necessity alike call on him to take sword and shield and fill his place in the ranks. There are two educations, that of books in youth, that of experience in after life; and the best result of the latter will be to teach us to apply to the present the lessons of the past and the hopes of the future. We were born and prepared for the present, and, as faithful citizens and true men, we should live in the present. As college graduates, leaving the little world for the great world, we should know well the importance of our own time, its strength and its weakness; know that we can philosophize as deeply upon the administration of Cleveland as upon the reign of Alexander; know this, lest, like the country clown who, from the comparative quiet of the steamer, steps suddenly among the bustling and shouting group of cabmen, we be confused and carried away by the shibboleths of present day politics, art and literature. And in no line of thought or action is the young man so likely to be deceived by the perspective, to magnify the present at the expense of the past, to be taken up by the tide of fashion, as in literature.

This century forms, an indeed singular and critical period in the world of letters, not so much on account of the magnitude of its productions as of their influence upon the future. The feeling of unrest, the desire for change, the atmosphere of revolution, that characterize the past one hundred

years, have had their effect upon contemporary art and letters. That effect has been to fill them with the spirit of iconoclasm. The mob has broken the idols of despotism; the Academy would do likewise with the monuments of their literary masters. They tell you the old order has been done away with; as with kings, so with poets and philosophers—they have hitherto kept the human mind in darkness, seeking false ideals, enamored of the works of their own hands; they have made for themselves gods and they worship them, but their gods see not and hear not and know not.

Such is the premise of the new schools. The literature of the latter half of the century is a revolt against the past. The experiences of ages of intellectual civilization has been rejected, and the nineteenth century has started out anew. It is an age of theories in all things. It is an age in which Zola declares that in novel writing, as well as in physics and chemistry, the experimental method is the proper method; that all of our classics which did not follow it are shams; that he and his fellow experimentalists are to found a literature, different and, inasmuch as it is so, greater and more glorious than all that preceded it.

It is an age of negation, when anarchists are throwing bombs in the capitals of Europe, and Ibsen and Tolstoi are crying out against the existing constitution of society. It is an age of the denial of the spiritual and, consequently, of the worship of mere form. It is an age of the neglect of what is fundamental and eternal. "We will leave to the metaphysicians," Zola writes, "this great unknown of the 'why' they have struggled with so vainly for centuries, and confine our efforts to that other unknown of the 'how' which is cleared away more and more every day by our investigation."

It is not, as Max Nordau would have us believe, that the race is grown old in vice and our literature is the expression of the satiated and burnt out heart of a libertine; it is rather that of an inexperienced and over-confident youth setting out to remold the world. The new writers would be pioneers, not heirs; they admit of no ancestors, acknowledge no debts to the past. In literature, as well as in society, it is the age of the self-made, and in both the claim is equally absurd and false. It is the French Revolution in the kingdom of letters; but they forget that Homer is stronger than the Bourbons, that the English may, indeed, have lost their Stuarts, but that Shakespeare they will never part with; that kings and dynasties and nations may rise and grow and crumble into dust and be forgotten, but that the poet—the

favored of God—is immortal and knows no death.

"Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;  
The swords of Cæsar's, they are less than rust:  
The poet doth remain."

The degenerating artistic and literary tendencies of the day are summed up in the too-famous ideal which our living artists and writers have set before themselves. I mean the doctrine of art for art's sake, which teaches that the sole object of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the author, is to portray beauty as he sees it, heedless of all other considerations; and that the doing so is our highest and noblest pursuit.

No, gentlemen, art is not an end; it is a means, and surely, when properly applied, a glorious one. But the form is not the matter, the artist not the artisan, the letter not the spirit. Religion and philosophy, far removed as they may seem from the interests of everyday life, are its very blood and tissue. No great movement occurs in either that has not an influence upon every nation, upon every home and individual. They are like the moon and sun upon the waters of the globe, which exert a force, silent and invisible, indeed, but moving masses that pass our comprehension, and felt and blindly obeyed by every drop in the ocean. The sailor, in the middle of the Atlantic, sees an insignificant wave and calls it the tide, and thinks little of it because he observes only what takes place in his small corner of the earth. But the wave moves on and on, and gathers strength, and brings some ships safe into port, and dashes others upon rock-bound coasts, until, at length, its power wanes and it becomes one of the elements in the formation of another tide.

Since, then, the alarming and woful spread of materialism in the past few centuries, it is not only natural but necessary that it should act also upon modern art and letters. If there is no soul, then beauty is in the exterior only; then perfect technique is perfect art, and genius is merely marvellous skill. This is the gospel of degeneration; but the cause of decay is not physiological, nor pathological, but moral. True beauty depends very little upon bodily perfection; it is the illumination that permeates the walls of flesh from the imprisoned soul. Why did not the Greeks know love as we know it? Because they worshipped mere beauty of form, the love of which is a lustful love, and the light that glances in the eye revealed to them no spirit, no soul, within. Love is the apprehension of the true and beautiful; and the difference between the pagan and Christian forms of it is the difference between the Venus and the

Madonna. The writers and painters of to-day are returning to Venus. Hope and youth have gone out of literature because the belief in the spirit, the principle of everlasting life and in God, which is the source of hope, has gone out of the hearts of men. If, as materialism implies, we are nothing but animals, we must think and live and love like animals. No wonder that the world, to Ibsen, Tolstoi, Nordau, is a worn out old man, suffering from the effects of a lifetime of vice and approaching dissolution! No wonder it is an age of pessimism and revolt and weariness of heart!

What, then, should we who will make part of the reading, if not the writing, public of the twentieth century, demand and obtain? For, after all has been said, the consumer, and not the producer, determines the quality of the work, and the audience molds the author as well as he the audience. Without an ideal of true literature held ever before us we shall accomplish none of the possibilities that belong to us. This ideal, like all lofty ideals, is a simple one. It is, in a word, the exact accordance of letter and spirit. It is, as Cardinal Newman explains, the twofold *logos* of the Greeks, the thought and the word, distinct but inseparable. The higher literature, above all, belongs to no school. The coming literature must, indeed, be impressed with the stamp, the individuality, of its date and of its author, else it will be artificial and short lived. But a man is a man in toga, or doublet, or frock-coat, and a great and good book is a treasure in whatever binding. If Newman himself were less modern he would be less great. The school does not make the artist, nor does the master artist consciously create the school. What to him is purely a personal style, by the imitation of others, becomes the method of a school. The true artist has no theory. There is, at bottom, no idealism, no realism; there is only truth and beauty. The idealist and the realist are quibblers whose vision is defective. The former pretends to look for beauty solely, and finds in it all truth; the latter to seek for truth alone, and finds in it all beauty. And while the critics quarrel and define in vain, the insight of Keats has solved the problem, and he exclaims:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all."

The literature of the future must be inspired by Christianity. If the Saviour had not walked to Calvary, there would have been no Michael Angelo no Raphael. Despair is unnatural to the heart of man, and the literature that has despair for its key-note is doomed to perish. Faith, hope, love—these must be the chief roots

of the higher literature of the coming century.

We have this century in our own hands. As the speaker of this evening once said in this very hall, the future will be what we make it. This is not the close of an age, as the morbid writers of France have styled it, nor does the century end with the year 1900. It is but the beginning of an era of which a century is but a fraction; an era such as the world has never before had a chance to behold. It is an era of change; the old order is giving place to the newer and, we know, the better one. It is only the coward and the weak that despair. But the essence of a great literature does not change. We discard merely the false ideal for the true one. The coming century shall see the letter and the spirit harmonized and blended into the perfect *logos*. It is not Osric; it is not Laertes; it is not Hamlet: it is Horatio. It is, like the circle which the old geometers deemed the most perfect figure, the combination of two motions—the letter and the spirit. But the letter must be truth and the spirit purity.

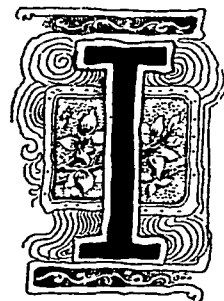
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#### Character and Country.

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THOMAS D. MOTT, L.L.B., '95.

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IN studying the map and history of the world, we are struck by the diversity of conditions, physical and moral, that exist in different countries; some are mountainous and broken; others open and easy of travel; the soil of some is fertile and highly productive, that of others is barren or difficult of cultivation; some are the lands of perpetual snows or of the torrid heat; others are happily placed, favored of Heaven with a mild, and salubrious climate; some are the abiding places of ignorance and superstition; others the homes of education and of culture.

In contemplating this strange spectacle, the question will naturally suggest itself to the mind of the reasoning man: "What prevents one half of the world from becoming a desert?" What hinders some peoples from rushing to the haunts of civilization and refinement and prompts them to remain in countries where Divine Providence has shed comforts with a more sparing hand, and in regions where poverty and privation, difficulty and danger, ignorance and superstition prevail? Why will the inhabitants of those lands of perpetual snows and barrenness, of dirt and

squalid wretchedness, of hunger, thirst, labor and watchfulness, turn with disdain from the very thought of exchanging their simple dwellings for the splendid halls of the South? Why will they prefer their snow-covered mountains and moss-clad plains to the vineyards and champaigns of France or the villas of Italy? I answer, it is because of that instinctive and disinterested feeling which connects the affections of man with his birthplace, that attachment for the land where rest the bones of his ancestors, that fondness for the home of his fathers. The home of infancy, the scenes of childhood and the pursuits of youth have made impressions upon him which have taken deep root in his heart, and nothing can tear them out. In short, it is because of love of country, because of the virtue of patriotism.

Patriotism is a feeling which is predominant in almost every human breast; it is an affection of the heart, never dormant; it is one which we rise to assert so spontaneously, that it may almost be considered an instinct of our being. But when it grows to be more than a feeling, and reason elevates it, it becomes a truly sublime virtue.

Oh! the glory and power of patriotism—at once a Godlike virtue and the strongest of human passions. Inspired from above, it moves us to self-sacrifice and to virtue, to deeds of valor and to death itself. It is the spirit that has prompted the consecration of a thousand spots by the free sacrifice of patriotic blood on the altar of country, where daily from God's hillsides that cover the faces and forms that were the human clay, upon the sunbeams that touch those graves and bring to them the salutation of Heaven, there is sent back the message of the high resolve of mankind that the dead shall not have died in vain.

It is the force that has raised the soldier to be superior to the pangs of hunger and of thirst, to be above the pains of weary marches, sustaining him as he crimsoned the driven snow with the blood that flowed from his unclad feet, and that supported him whilst he endured such sufferings and privations as try the souls of martyrs. It is this sublime devotion to country which leads a man to leave wife and home and children and an earthly heaven for the hardships of battle and the crown of death.

Our imaginations may glow ever so brightly, but yet they will fail to picture the anguish of heart, the mental and physical suffering, that man has endured and conquered when inspired by patriotism. But even as we think of the last adieu to the dear ones at home, to wife, to children and to mother, of the heavy heart—too heavy for man to bear unaided—of the superhuman patience

in pain and the resolute endurance of seemingly insupportable privations, of the deeds of desperate valor, of the cheerful offering of loyal breasts as shields for their country's life, even while we meditate upon these acts, declaring that the actors were not men, but that they were patriotism incarnate, there comes to us the voice of the illustrious dead sweetly singing through the ages, "That it is a great and glorious act to die for one's country." But patriotism may find manifestations in many different ways, and if it be noble indeed to offer up one's blood for his land, it is far nobler and better still to live for his country.

A people having won its independence and taken rank amongst the nations by the force of its arms and the patriotic valor of its soldiers must demonstrate its capacity for self-government by the due administration of justice.

The end of government is justice and the betterment of the people. This can only be brought about by enacting wise and impartial laws and by faithfully and equitably administering them. In vain will battles have been fought, abortive and unprofitable the efforts, the sufferings and the bravery of the patriot soldier, worse than useless the sacrifice of human lives, if the government that rises from the ashes of warriors serve but for the aggrandizement of the few, and the laws be calculated to further the selfish interests of those in power rather than to promote the exaltation of the nation and the individual happiness of the citizens. Greatness is a vision, delusive and unreal, and mightiness a mere dream, when statesmen forget the nation in the thought of self.

The soldier lays the foundation, the statesman must direct the construction of the edifice, and by his genius and patriotism cause it to tower so high heavenward, that strangers may know it from afar, recognizing it as the home of liberty and justice.

The patriotic statesman is he who, while bearing upon his shoulders a nation's burden and a nation's griefs, directs every energy of his soul to lighten those burdens and calm and comfort those griefs. It is he who, looking into the very heart of a matter and determining the true facts, solicitous only for his nation's welfare, leads her from the tangled forests of difficulties which beset her and brings her to the full enjoyment of the broad expanse of peace and progress. It is he, who, directing his intellect in the proper channel, putting to their proper uses his powers for good, availing himself of the privileges he enjoys, courageously pilots the ship of state clear of the shoals and reefs that are the ruin of nations. His is a

rational patriotism born of education and knowledge and disciplined and fed by a true and high appreciation of the motive and spirit of the institutions of his country.

Far greater and higher than the soldier's is the patriotism of the statesman who is actuated solely by lofty aspirations. The patriotism of the former finds expression in martial valor, that of the latter in moral courage. The patriotism of Lincoln was higher and nobler than that displayed at Antietam or Gettysburg. To be unmoved by the thought of self-aggrandizement, to remain uncontaminated by corrupt or selfish motives, but always to exercise the purest morality while shaping the destiny of a people, to put forth every effort of a lofty mind in promoting the greatness and happiness of a nation, to be firm in principle and resolute in conduct, to look not to see whither the mass is moving, but, learning and knowing one's duty, courageously dare to do it, is patriotism higher and greater than that of a Cæsar, of a Hannibal, or of a Napoleon.

Patriotism is a plant of kindly growth; there is no climate so bleak that it will not blossom therein—there is no soil so barren in which it will not take root. And in our own favored land it has grown and spread, until its ramifications pervade every home and every fireside, and the very atmosphere is redolent with the fragrance of its blossoms.

America has never wanted for patriotism, and she is to-day fulfilling her heavenly mission of civil and religious freedom and equality of rights, because the patriotic fire never dies in the breast of her children, but lives and glows with undiminished fervor. It is the patriotism of the Americans that has made this triune system to stand among the nations, like the planetary groups among the dead stars and flaming comets. The history of America is one long series of patriotic acts strung out on the chain of time; she wears them like a necklace of pearls upon her bosom.

Through the ages, mankind had slowly but with certainty been advancing step by step towards the goal of individual freedom and democracy. The best strains of blood, the loftiest intellects, the purest morality, and the truest religious convictions struggled through the centuries until, near the close of the eighteenth cycle, they became blended in the American Constitution. Then towards the land of the setting sun a new nation was born, which embodied the highest aspirations of humanity. And when yet in the cradle of infancy tyranny would stifle her, with what magic brightness did the fires of patriotism blaze, and shining from every mountain top, their

rays pierced through the smoke of battle and the clouds of doubt, illuminating and cheering the land. America was saved and Democracy lived; the dignity of humanity was established and manhood suffrage became the foundation upon which rose that grand superstructure—the American Republic.

True democracy received the approval of God at the birth of Christ. The kingdom of Christ is not of this world; but when He declared that the soul of Augustus was no greater than that of the hidden and despised leper, He made possible the establishment of a democracy like ours. Then it was that we received the dictum of the highest authority, that virtue is the result of the spirit of God, acting, not through kings, but through the people; aye, even through the lowest slave in the palace of Mæcenas or the country house of Flaccus.

At the time of the Annunciation, absolute power over hearts, souls and bodies in the name of the divine right of kings ceased to exist. Power became a trust to be exercised for the common good of the governed, and was no longer a private indefeasible right of the governors to be exercised for their benefit. Surely no greater evidence of the value of manhood could be given than the fact that God Himself became a man. The apex and the base of government is the man. And this principle of equality, ushered into the world with the advent of the God-man, grew and spread with Christianity, and finally found embodiment in the American Declaration of Independence.

Then man rose proudly and royally to the sublimity of the exercise of suffrage, he rose to the full enjoyment of an imperial prerogative. But what was once a right has now become a duty as well, and an imperative duty. In the casting of the ballot, we respond to the highest call of citizenship. By it, with our fellow-citizens, we shape the course and decide the destiny of the Republic. This is the crowning act of liberty; for by the ballot do we assert and proclaim the exercise of a reason and a will which stamps us free men. "That man," says De Tocqueville, "who in given cases consents to obey his fellows with servility and who submits his activity and even his opinions to their control can have no claim to rank as a free citizen."

The man who takes a bribe mocks manhood by his act, and he who sells or buys a vote is a traitor to his country. What words can express our contempt of him whose greed is greater than his patriotism, whose vote is a commodity to be bought by the highest bidder? He is to be despised far more than Tarpeia of old, who

dazzled by the golden bracelets of the Sabines, promised to betray the Capitoline hill to them, "if they would give her what they wore on their arms." And as the Sabines crushed her to death when she claimed her reward for her treason, by throwing upon her their shields, which they wore on their left arm, even so should the man who sells his vote be crushed by the mighty weight of public opinion:

"Woe; lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its foam!

Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!"

Public spirit should be so thoroughly aroused, it should be so alive and active, that those who engage in bribery at the polls, having by their treason dug their own deep, dark graves will be forced to crawl into them and die.

But democracy has another foe as much to be contemned as he who gives or takes a bribe. It is he who, by his indifference to political life, abandons his country to the selfish and the reckless, by permitting them to gain control of the caucus, the primary and the ballot box. This indifference to the duties of citizenship is the evil which seems to grow apace with the acquisition of wealth and so-called refinement.

Perfect Americanism is perfected individualism. Not indeed the selfish individualism of the pagan, but the perfected personality of the Christian, when soul accords with all other high souls, like an instrument in a grand symphony—an instrument which must be perfect in itself before it can add to the perfection of the whole. This is the high ideal of manhood, living in a Christian civilization, an ideal engendered and fostered by the principle of equality which permeates all our institutions and finds expression and application in our laws.

Before ideal democracy can be realized, the ideal man must first be a reality. Utopia may still be a mere dream, but yet it is the stimulus that quickens our minds and warms our hearts and prompts us to direct our efforts and devote our energies to the perfection of our government—which means the perfection of the citizens. The course of a rudderless ship is more certain than that of a nation without high ideals.

"The merely material, the merely commercial ideal," says Theodore Roosevelt, "is by its very essence debasing and lowering." We must base our appeals for civic and national betterment on nobler grounds than mere business expediency. Great thoughts and lofty emotions alone make a nation mighty. The spread of the spirit or materialism in our country may well fill us with alarm. When wealth becomes an end, and ceases

to be a means, when mankind aspires to nothing higher and nobler than the temporary possession and transitory enjoyment of the material, and God, morality and religion no longer have empire over their hearts, we may point to the hour that marks the decadence of our national glory. Materialism is the harbinger of the ruin of our democratic institutions; the loss of our high ideals means the fall of the Republic. Americans, then, have need of high ideals. Let them direct their minds and their hearts upwards; let theirs be lofty aspirations, and the ultimate triumph of democracy is assured.

Moral education is the corner-stone of the Constitution; it is the foundation upon which the Republic stands. Upon this groundwork from 1787 to 1895, in peace and in war, in all social and political struggles, in all alternations of prosperity and adversity, and even in the ominous controversies which are darkening the end of the nineteenth century, our institutions have securely rested, and unless swung from this space they are destined to unify and govern the civilized world.

Intelligence, religion and morality amalgamated in the man make the truly good citizen—the bulwark of the nation. By education each one becomes acquainted with his own rights and those of his fellow-citizens; by religion he is taught to respect those rights, and he observes them in the practice of morality. Let these three elements be combined in the citizen and he will not break his country's laws.

Education and religion turn our minds and lead our hearts Heavenward, fill us with high ideals and exalted ambition, introduce us to great thoughts, which engender lofty emotions and raise manhood to the safe enjoyment of a government fit only—to echo the sneer of Rousseau—for the gods. It has been truly said that the safeguard of morality is religion, and that morality is the best security of law and the surest pledge of freedom. These then—the observance of the moral law and religion—are the hope of the Republic; they alone can preserve the nation happy, free, glorious and strong.

Patriotism without morality is an absurdity. I speak not of the instinctive, impetuous, passionate, unreasoning patriotism displayed on the battle field; but I refer to the more rational attachment to country which the citizen must harbor and exercise in the time of peace, and which alone can give permanency and vitality to our institutions. The real life and spirit and soul of our country is in the life and character of its people. America means manhood and womanhood.

America! free, grand, great and beautiful, what land like thee smiles so sweetly as you catch the golden rays of the morning sun? America! the hope of humanity, the palladium of liberty, how long will you endure? How long will mankind continue to drink at your fountains those blessed waters of freedom, that now gush forth in such abundant streams, quickening the life-blood that pulses the arteries of manhood? How long will your snow-white bosom heave in warm response when the rights of man are questioned? We hearken to thee, and thy answer fills our hearts: "As long as man is worthy of me, so long will I live; as long as manhood survives, so long will I endure—for manhood and I are one."

Manhood—intelligent, religious, moral manhood—a Christian manhood with faith and trust in God, is the guardian of democratic institutions. Greece of old rose grandly to lofty heights of fame and culture; but in an evil hour she ceased to look aloft where virtue reigned, and casting her eyes downward into the gulf of immorality she became delirious and fell.

Imperial Rome once ruled with undisputed sway. Her slightest whisper was echoed from the utmost confines of the known earth; the morality and patriotic valor of her people had made her the proud mistress of the world. But arrogantly trusting in the self-sufficiency of her physical power, her face flushed by the consciousness of her triumph, forgetting the virtue and morality which had contributed to her victory, she gave herself up to a reckless abandon, and, basking in the embraces of vice, like Greece before her, she fell. Greece and Rome, what examples of glory, power and decay! What exemplifications of the inexorable logic of life, whereby we learn that whilst virtuous humanity may rise to sublime and dazzling heights, so too immorality will drag men and nations down from the loftiest of stations, leaving but a few scattered ruins to mark their evanescent tracks. But as we point with feelings of regret to those two examples of a glory that is past and a power that is dead, and trace in their ruins the history of the abject inconstancy of man, even so, when Americans shall expel morality from their hearts and drive it from the land, will future generations point to the wreck of our institutions, the confusion of our government, and read again in the ruin of the Republic the history of Greece and Rome.

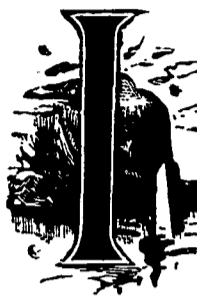
Heaven forbid that this should ever become an accomplished fact. It never will if American manhood lives; if we maintain a high standard of intelligence, an elevated tone of moral feeling, and, sharpening the edge of our aspirations, direct our activity to just and noble ends.

America, in whose keeping have been entrusted the future destinies of humanity, will then continue her march, beauteous, majestic and triumphant, toward the fulfilment of her sacred mission when heart shall be folded to heart, and hand clasped in hand, in the perfect realization of the brotherhood of man.

### The Making of One's Self.\*

THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

The wise man will esteem above everything and will cultivate those sciences which further the perfection of his soul. — PLATO.



It has become customary to call these endings of the scholastic year commencements; just as the people of the civilized world have agreed to make themselves absurd by calling the ninth month the seventh, the tenth the eighth, the eleventh the ninth, and the twelfth the tenth. And, indeed, the discourses which are delivered on these occasions would be more appropriate and more effective if made to students who, having returned from the vacations with renewed physical vigor, feel also fresh urgency to exercise of mind. But now, so little is man in love with truth, the approach of the moment when you are to make escape and find yourselves in what you imagine to be a larger and freer world, occupies all your thoughts, and thrills you with an excitement which makes attention difficult; and, like the noise of crowds and brazen trumpets, prevents the soul from mounting to the serene world where alone it is free and at home.

Since, however, the invitation with which I have been honored directs my address to the graduates of Notre Dame in this her year of Golden Jubilee, I may, without abuse of the phrase, entitle it a commencement oration; for the day on which a graduate worthy of the name leaves his college is the commencement day of a new life of study, more earnest and more effectual than that which is followed within academic walls; because it is the result of his sense of duty alone and of his uncontrolled self-activity. And, though I am familiar with the serious disadvantages with which a reader as compared with a speaker has to contend, I shall read my address, if for no other reason, because I shall thus be able to measure my time; and if I am prolix, I shall be so maliciously, and not become so through the obliviousness which may result from the illusive enthusiasm which is sometimes produced in the speaker by his own vociferation, and which he fondly imagines he communicates to his hearers.

The chief benefit to be derived from the education we receive in colleges and universities, and from

\* Address delivered at the Golden Jubilee celebration of the University of Notre Dame, Wednesday, June 12.

the personal contact into which we are there thrown with enlightened minds, is the faith it tends to inspire and confirm in the worth of knowledge and culture, of conduct and religion; for nothing else we there acquire will abide with us as an inner impulse to self-activity, a self-renewing urgency to the pursuit of excellence. If we fail, we fail for lack of faith; but belief is communicated from person to person—*fides ex auditu*,—and to mediate it is the educator's chief function. Through daily intercourse with one who is learned and wise and noble, the young gain a sense of the reality of science and culture, of religion and morality; which thus cease to be for them vague somethings of which they have heard and read, and become actual things,—realities, like monuments they have inspected, or countries through which they have travelled. They have been taken by the hand and led where, left to themselves, they would never have gone. The true educator inspires not only faith, but admiration also, and confidence and love,—all soul-evolving powers. He is a master whose pupils are disciples—followers of him and believers in the wisdom he teaches. He founds a school which, if it does not influence the whole course of thought and history, like that of Plato or Aristotle, does at least form a body of men, distinguished by zeal for truth and love of intellectual and moral excellence. To be able thus, in virtue of one's intelligence and character, to turn the generous heart and mind of youth to sympathy with what is intelligible, fair and good in thought and life, is to be like God,—is to have power in its noblest and most human form; and its exercise is the teacher's chief and great reward. To be a permanent educational force is the highest earthly distinction. Is not this the glory of the founders of religions, of the discoverers of new worlds?

In stooping to the mind and heart of youth, to kindle there the divine flame of truth and love, we ourselves receive new light and warmth. To listen to the noise made by the little feet of children when at play, and to the music of their merry laughter, is pleasant; but to come close to the aspiring soul of youth, and to feel the throbbings of its deep and ardent yearnings for richer and wider life, is to have our faith in the good of living revived and intensified. It is the divine privilege of the young to be able to believe that the world can be moulded and controlled by thought and spiritual motives; and in breathing this celestial air, the choice natures among them learn to become sages and saints; or, if it be their lot to be thrown into the fierce struggles where selfish and cruel passions contend for the mastery over justice and

humanity, they carry into the combat the serene strength of reason and conscience; for their habitual and real home is in the unseen world, where what is true and good has the Omnipotent for its defence. Of this soul of youth we may affirm without fear of error:

The soul seeks God; from sphere to sphere it moves,  
Immortal pilgrim of the Infinite.

Life is the unfolding of a mysterious power, which in man rises to self-consciousness, and through self-consciousness to the knowledge of a world of truth and order and love, where action may no longer be left wholly to the sway of matter or to the impulse of instinct, but may and should be controlled by reason and conscience. To further this process by deliberate and intelligent effort is to educate. Hence education is man's conscious co-operation with the Infinite Being in promoting the development of life; it is the bringing of life in its highest form to bear upon life, individual and social, that it may raise it to greater perfection, to ever increasing potency. To educate, then, is to work with the Power who makes progress a law of living things, becoming more and more active and manifest as we ascend in the scale of being. The motive from which education springs is belief in the goodness of life and the consequent desire for richer, freer and higher life. It is the point of union of all man's various and manifold activity; for whether he seeks to nourish and preserve his life, or to prolong and perpetuate it in his descendants, or to enrich and widen it in domestic and civil society, or to grow more conscious of it through science and art, or to strike its roots into the eternal world through faith and love, or in whatever other way he may exert himself, the end and aim of his aspiring and striving is educational,—is the unfolding and uplifting of his being.

The radical craving is for life—for the power to feel, to think, to love, to enjoy. And as it is impossible to reach a state in which we are not conscious that this power may be increased, we can find happiness only in continuous progress, in ceaseless self-development. This craving for fulness of life is essentially intellectual and moral, and its proper sphere of action is the world of thought and conduct. He who has a healthy appetite does not long for greater power to eat and drink. A sensible man who has sufficient wealth for independence and comfort does not wish for more money; but he who thinks and loves and acts in obedience to conscience feels that he is never able to do so well enough, and hence an inner impulse urges him to strive for greater power of life, for perfection. He is akin to all

that is intelligible and good, and is drawn to bring himself into ever-increasing harmony with this high world. Hence attention is for him like a second nature, for attention springs from interest; and since he feels an affinity with all things, all things interest him. And what is thus impressed upon his mind and heart he is impelled to utter in deed or speech or gesture or song, or in whatever way thought and sentiment may manifest themselves. Attention and expression are thus the fundamental forms of self-activity; the primary and essential means of education, of developing intellectual and moral power.

Interest is aroused and held by need, which creates desire. If we are hungry, whatever may help us to food interests us. Our first and indispensable interests relate to the things we need for self-preservation and the perpetuation of the race; and to awaken desire and stimulate effort to obtain them, instinct is sufficient, as we may see in the case of mere animals. But as progress is made, higher and more subtle wants are developed. We crave for more than food and wife and children. The social organism evolves itself; and as its complexity increases, the relations of the individual to the body of which he is a member are multiplied and become more intricate. As we pass from the savage to the barbarous, and from the barbarous to the civilized state, intellect and conscience are brought more and more into play. Mental power gains the mastery over brute force, and little by little subdues the energies of inorganic nature, and makes them serve human ends. Iron is forced to become soft and malleable and to assume every shape; the winds bear man across the seas; the sweet and gentle water is imprisoned and tortured until with its fierce breath it does work in comparison with which the mythical exploits of gods and demi-gods are as the play of children. Strength of mind and character takes precedence of strength of body. Hercules and Samson are but helpless infants in the presence of the thinker who reads Nature's secret and can compel her to do his bidding. If we bend our thoughts to this subject, we shall gain insight into the meaning and purpose of education, which is nothing else than the urging of intellect and conscience to the conquest of the world, and to the clear perception and practical acknowledgment of the primal and fundamental truth that man is man in virtue of his thought and love.

Instruction, which is but part of education, has for its object the development of the intellect and the transmission of knowledge. This, whether we consider the individual or society, is indispensable. It is good to know. Knowledge is not

only the source of many of our highest and purest joys, but without it we can attain neither moral nor material good in the nobler forms. Virtue, when it is enlightened, gains a higher quality. And if we hold that action and not thought is the end of life, we cannot deny that action is, in some degree at least, controlled and modified by thought. Nevertheless, instruction is not the principal part of education; for human worth is more essentially and more intimately identified with character and heart than with knowledge and intellect. What we will is more important than what we know; and the importance of what we know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct.

A nation, like an individual, receives rank from character more than from knowledge; since the true measure of human worth is moral rather than intellectual. The teaching of the school becomes a subject of passionate interest through our belief in its power to educate sentiment, stimulate will, and mould character. For in the school we do more than learn the lessons given us; we live in an intellectual and moral atmosphere, acquire habits of thought and behavior; and this, rather than what we learn, is the important thing. To imagine that youths who have passed through colleges and universities, and have acquired a certain knowledge of languages and sciences, but have not formed strongly marked characters, should forge to the front in the world and become leaders in the army of religion and civilization, is to cherish a delusion. The man comes first; and scholarship without manhood will be found to be ineffectual. The semi-culture of the intellect, which is all a mere graduate can lay claim to, will but help to lead astray those who lack the strength of moral purpose; and they whom experience has made wise expect little from young men who have bright minds and have passed brilliant examinations, but who go out into the world without having trained themselves to habits of patient industry and tireless self-activity.

Man is essentially a moral being; and he who fails to become so, fails to become truly human. Individuals and nations are brought to ruin not by lack of knowledge, but by lack of conduct. "Now that the world is filled with learned men," said Seneca, "good men are wanting." He was Nero's preceptor, and saw plainly how powerless intellectual culture was to save Rome from the degeneracy which undermined its civilization and finally brought on its downfall. If in college the youth does not learn to govern and control himself—to obey and do right in all things, not because he has not the power to disobey and do wrong,

but because he has not the will,—nothing else he may learn will be of great service. It seems to me I perceive in our young men a lack of moral purpose, of sturdiness, of downright obstinate earnestness in everything—except perhaps in money-getting pursuits; for even in these they are tempted to trust to speculation and cunning devices rather than to persistent work and honesty, which become a man more than crowns and all the gifts of fortune. Without truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, purity, and self-respect, no worthy or noble life can be led. And unless we can get into our colleges youths who can be made to drink into their inmost being this vital truth, little good can be accomplished there. Now, it often happens that these institutions are, in no small measure, refuges into which the badly organized families of the wealthy send their sons in the vain expectation that the fatal faults of inheritance and domestic training will be repaired. In college, as wherever there are men, quality is more precious than quantity. The number of students is great enough when they are of the right kind; and the work which now lies at our hand is to make it possible that those who have talent and the will to improve themselves may enter our institutions of learning. But those who are shown to be insusceptible of education should be eliminated; for they profit not themselves and are a hindrance to the others.

Gladly I turn from them to you, young gentlemen, who have persevered in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and to-day are declared worthy to receive the highest honor Notre Dame can confer. The deepest and the best thing in us is faith in reason; for when we look closely, we perceive that faith in God, in the soul, in good, in freedom, in truth, is faith in reason. Individuals, nations, the whole race, wander in a maze of errors. The world of the senses is apparent and illusive, that of pure thought vague and shadowy. Science touches but the form and surface; speculation is swallowed in abysses and disperses itself; ignorance darkens, passion blinds the mind; the truth of one age becomes the error of a succeeding; opinions change from continent to continent and from century to century. The more we learn, the less we know; and what we most of all desire to know eludes our grasp. But, nevertheless, our faith in reason is unshaken; and holding to this faith, we hold to God, to good, to freedom, and to truth.

Goodness is the radical principle; the good, the primal aim and final end of life; for the good is whatever is helpful to life. Hence what is true,

is good, what is useful is good, what is fair is good, what is right is good; and the true, the useful, the fair, and the right are intertwined and circle about man like a noble sisterhood, to waken him to life, and urge him toward God, the supreme good, whose being is power, wisdom, love without limit. The degree of goodness in all things is measured by their approach to this absolute Being. Hence the greater our strength, wisdom and love, the greater our good, the richer and more perfect our life. There is no soul which does not bow with delight and reverence before Beauty and Power; and when we come to true insight, we perceive that holiness is Beauty and goodness Power. Genuine spiritual power is from God, and compels the whole mechanic world to acknowledge its absoluteness. The truths of religion and morality are of the essence of our life: and they cannot be learned from another, but must be wrought into self-consciousness by our own thinking and doing,—by habitual meditation, and constant obedience to conscience. Virtue, knowledge, goodness and greatness are their own reward: they are primarily and essentially ends, and only incidentally means. Hence those who strive for perfection with the view thereby to gain recognition, money or place, do not really strive for perfection at all. They are also unwise; for virtue, knowledge, goodness and greatness are not the surest means to such ends, and they can be acquired only with infinite pains. The highest human qualities cease to be the highest when they are made subordinate to the externalities of office and wealth. The one aim of a mind smitten with the love of excellence is to live consciously and lovingly with whatever is true or good or fair. And such a one cannot be disturbed whether by the general indifference of men or by their praise or blame. The standpoint of the soul is: What thou art, not what others think thee. If thou art at one with thy true self, God and the eternal laws bear thee up and onward. The moral and the religious life interpenetrate each other. To sunder them is to enfeeble both. To weaken faith is to undermine character; to fail in conduct is to deprive faith of inspiration and vigor. Learn to live thy religion, and thou shalt have little need or desire to argue and dispute about it. Truth is mightier than its witnesses, religion greater than its saints and martyrs. Learn to think, and thou shalt easily learn to live.

In the presence of the highest manifestations of thought and love, of truth and beauty, nothing perfect or divine is incredible. Men of genius, philosophers, poets and saints, who by thinking and doing make this ethereal but most

real world rise before us in concrete form and substance, are heavenly messengers and illuminators of the soul. Had none of them lived, how should we see and understand that man is Godlike and that God is truth and love? We cannot make this high world plain by telling about it. It is not a land which may be described. It is a state of soul which they alone comprehend who have been transformed by patient meditation and faithful striving. But once it is revealed, a thousand errors and obscurities fall away from us. If not educated, strive at least to be educable—a believer in wisdom, and sensitive to all high influence, and eager to be quit of thy ignorance and hardness. As the dead cannot produce the live, so mechanical minds, however much they may be able to drill, train and instruct, cannot educate. The secret of the mother's specific educational power lies in the fact that she is a spiritual not a mechanical force, loves and is loved by her pupils. The most ennobling and the most thoroughly satisfying sentiment of which we are capable is love. Until we love we are strangers to ourselves. We are like beings asleep or lost to the knowledge of themselves and all things, till, awakening to the appeal of the pure light and the balmy air, they look upon what is not themselves; and, finding it fair and beautiful, learn in loving it to feel and know themselves.

Increase of the power to love is increase of life. But love needs guidance. We first awaken in the world of the senses, and are attracted by what we see and touch and taste. The aim of education is to help the soul to rise above this world, in which, if we remain, we are little better than brutes. Hence the teacher seeks in many ways to reveal to the young the fact that the perfect, the best, cannot be seen or touched, cannot be grasped even by the mind; but that it is, nevertheless, that which they should strive to make themselves capable of loving above all things. And thus he prepares them to understand what is meant by the love of truth and righteousness, by the love of God. In the training of animals even, patience and gentleness are more effective than violence. How, then, shall we hope by physical constraint and harsh methods to educate human beings, who are human precisely because they are capable of love and are swayed by rational motives? There is no soul so gross, so deeply buried in matter, but it shall from some point or other make a sally to show it still bears the impress of God's image. At such points the educator will keep watch, studying how he may make this single ray of light interfuse itself with his pupil's whole being.

It is not possible to know there is no God, on soul, no free-will, no right or wrong; at the worst, it is only possible to doubt all this. The universe is as inconceivable as God, and theories of matter as full of difficulties as theories of spirit. It is a question of belief or unbelief; ultimately a question of health or disease, of life or death. They who have no faith in God can have little faith in the worth of life, which can be for them but an efflorescence of death, a sort of inexplicable malady of atoms, dreaming they are conscious. If the age tends irresistibly to destroy belief in God, the end will be the ruin of belief in the good of life. In the meanwhile the doubt which weakens the springs of hope and love is not a symptom of health but of disease, pregnant with suffering and misery for all, but most of all for the young. He who is loved in a true and noble way is surrounded by an element of spiritual light in which his worth is revealed to him. In perceiving what he is to another, he comes to understand what he is or may be in himself.

Our self-respect even is largely due to the love we receive in childhood and youth. Enthusiasm springs from faith in God and in the soul, which begets in us a high and heroic belief in the divine good of life. It is thus an educational force of the highest value. It calms and exalts the soul like the view of the starlit heavens and the everlasting mountains. It is, in every good and noble cause, a fountainhead of endurance and perseverance. It bears us on with a sense of joy and vigor, such as is felt when, mounted on a high-mettled steed, we ride in the pleasant air of a spring morning, amid the beauties and grandeurs of nature. In the front of battle and the presence of death it throws around the soul the light of immortal things. It gives us the plenitude of existence, the full and high enjoyment of living. On its wings the poet, the lover, the orator, the hero and the saint are borne in rapture through worlds whose celestial glory and delightfulness cold and unmoved minds do not suspect. It is not a flame from the dry wood and withered grass, but a heat and glow from the abysmal depths of being. It makes us content to follow after truth and love in dark and narrow ways, as the miner, in central deeps where sunlight has never fallen, seeks his treasure. It keeps us fresh and young; and, like the warmer sun, reclothes the world day by day with new beauty. It teaches patience, the love of work without haste and without hurry. It gives strength to hear and speak truth, and to walk in the sacred way of truth, as though we but idly strolled with pleasant friends amid fragrant flowers. It gives us deeper consciousness of our own liberty, faith

in human perfectibility, which lies at the root of our noblest efforts; to which the more we yield ourselves the more we feel that we are free. It knows a thousand words of truth and might, which it whispers in gentlest tones to rightly attuned ears: Since the universe is a harmony whose diapason is God, why should thy life strike a discordant note? Yield not to discouragement; thou art alive, and God is in His world. The combat and not the victory proclaims the hero. If thy success had been greater, thou hast been less. The noisy participants in great conflicts, of whatever kind, exercise less influence upon the outcome than choice spirits, who, turning aside from the thunder and smoke of battle, gain in lonely striving and meditation view of new truth by which the world is transformed.

We owe more to Columbus than to Isabella; to Descartes than to Louis XIV.; to Bacon than to Elizabeth; to Pestalozzi than to Napoleon; to Goethe than to Blücher; to Pasteur than to Bismarck. If thou wouldst be persuaded and convinced, persuade and convince thyself. Be thy aim not increase of happiness, but of knowledge, wisdom, power, and virtue; and thou shalt, without thinking of it, find thyself also happy. Character is formed by effort, resistance, and patience. If necessity is the mother of invention, suffering is the mother of high moods and great thoughts. Poets have sung to ease their sorrow-burdened or love-tortured hearts; and the travail of souls yearning with ineffable pain for truth has led to the nearest view of God. Wisdom is the child of suffering, as beauty is the child of love. If a truth discourages thee, thou art not yet ripe for it; for thee it is not yet wholly true. Work not like an ox at the plow, but like a setter afield: not because thou must, but because thou takest delight in thy task. Only they have come of age who have learned how to educate themselves. Education, like life, works from within outward; the teacher loosens the soil and removes the obstacles to light and warmth and moisture, but growth comes of the activity of the soul itself.

A new century will not make new men; but if, in truth, it be a new century, it will be made so by the deeper thought and diviner love of men and women. Let the old tell what they have done, the young what they are doing, and fools what they intend to do.

The power to control attention, as a good rider holds his horse to the road and to his gait, is a result of education; and when it is acquired other things become easy.

Let not poverty or misfortune or insult or flattery or success, O seeker after truth and

beauty, turn thee from thy divine task and purpose. Pardon everyone except thyself, and put thy trust in God and in thyself. "If I buy thee," asked one of a Spartan captive, "and treat thee well, wilt thou be good?"—"I will," he replied, "if thou buyest me or not; or if, having bought me, thou treatest me ill."

If there be anything of worth in thee, it will make thee strong and contented; it is so good for thee to have it that thou canst easily forget it is unrecognized by others.

If all sufferings, sorrows, and disappointments had been left out of thy life, wouldst thou be more or less than thou art? Less worthy, doubtless, and less wise. In these evils, then, there is something good. If thou couldst but bear this always in mind, thou shouldst be better able to suffer pain whether of body or soul. There are things thou hast greatly desired which, had they been given thee, would make thee wretched. The wiser thou growest, the better shalt thou understand how little we know what is for the best.

"Had I but lived!" cried Obermann. And a woman of genius replied: "Be consoled, O Obermann! Hadst thou lived, thou hadst lived in vain." So it is. In the end we neither regret that pleasures have been denied us, nor feel that those we have enjoyed were a gain unless they are associated with the memory of high faith and thought and virtuous action. He who is careful to fill his mind with truth and his heart with love will not lack for retreats in which he may take refuge from the stress and storms of life. Noise, popularity and buncombe: onions, smoke, and bedbugs.

Be thy own rival, comparing thyself with thyself, and striving day by day to be self-surpassed. If thy own little room is well lighted the whole world is less dark. If thou art busy seeking intellectual and moral illumination and strength, thou shalt easily be contented. Higher place would mean for thee less liberty, less opportunity to become thyself. The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us. To occupy one's self with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness. Perfect skill comes of talent, study and exercise; and study and exercise must continue through the whole course of life. To cease to learn is to lose freshness and the power to interest. We lack will rather than strength; are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do; and say we *can* not because we have not the courage to say we *will* not. The law of unstable equilibrium applies to thee as to what-

ever has life. Thou canst not remain what thou art, but must rise or fall. The body is under the sway of physical law, but the progress of the mind is left in a large measure to the play of free-will. If thou willest what thou oughtest, thou canst do what thou willest; for obligation can not transcend ability. Happy are they who from earliest youth understand the meaning of duty, and hearken to the stern but all-reasonable voice of this daughter of God, the smile upon whose face is the fairest thing we know.

He who willingly accepts the law of moral necessity is free; for in thus accepting it he transcends it, and is self-determined; while he who rebels against this law sinks to a lower plane of being than the properly human, and becomes the slave of appetite and passion. Duty means sacrifice; it is a turning from the animal to the spiritual self; from the allurements of the world of manifold sensation—from ease, idleness, gain and pleasure—to the high and lonely regions, where the command of conscience speaks in the name of God and of the nature of things. Forget thyself and do thy best, as unconscious of vainglorious thoughts as though thou wert a wind or a stream, an impersonal force in the service of God and man. Obey conscience, and laugh in the face of death. Convince thyself that the best thing for thee is to know truth and to make truth the law of thy life. Let this faith subordinate all else, as it is, indeed, faith in reason and in God. Abhorrence of lies is the test of character. Hold fast by what thou knowest to be true, not doubting for a moment because thou canst not reconcile it with other truth. Somewhere, somehow, truth will be matched with truth, as love mates heart with heart.

A man's word is himself, his reason, his conscience, his faith, his love, his aspiration. If it is false or vain or vile, he is so. It is the expression of life as it has come to consciousness within him. It is the revelation of quality of being; it is of the man himself, his sign and symbol, the form and mould and mirror of his soul.

Thou thinkest to serve God with lies,  
Thou devil-worshipper and fool!

The moral value of the study of science lies in the love of truth it inspires and inculcates. He who knows science knows that liars are imbeciles. From the educator's point of view, truthfulness is the essential thing. His aim and end is to teach truth, and the love of truth which leavens the whole mass and makes it lifegiving. But the liar has no proper virtue of any kind.

The doubt of an earnest, thoughtful, patient

and laborious mind is worthy of respect. In such doubt there may be found indeed more faith than in half the creeds. But the scepticism of sciolists lacks the depth and genuineness of truth. To be frivolous where there is question of all that gives life meaning and value is want of sense. The sciolist is one who has a superficial knowledge of various things which for lack of deep views and coherent thought, for lack of the understanding of the principles of knowledge itself, he is unable to bring into organic unity. The things he knows are confused and intermingled, and thus fail either to enlighten his mind or to impel him to healthful activity. He forms opinions lightly and pronounces judgment rashly. Knowing nothing thoroughly, he has no suspicion of the infinite complexity of the world of life and thought. The evil effects of this semi-culture are most disagreeable and most harmful in those whose being has been developed only on its temporal and earthly side. Their spiritual and moral nature has no centre about which it may move, and they wander on the surface of things in self-satisfied conceit, proclaiming that what is beyond the senses is beyond the reach of the mind; as though our innermost consciousness were not of what is intangible and invisible.

All divine things are within and about us, here and now; but we are too gross to see the celestial light, or to catch the whisperings of the heavenly voices. God is here; but we, like plants and mollusks, live in worlds of which we do not dream, upheld and nourished and borne onward by a Power of whom we are but dimly conscious,—nay, of whom, for the most part, we are unconscious.

There is a truth above the reach of logic, an impulse of the mind and heart which urges beyond the realms of sense, beyond the ken of the dialectician, to the Infinite and Eternal, before whom the material universe is but a force at whose finest touch souls awaken to the thrill of thought and love.

When we are made conscious of the fact that the Divine Word is the light of men, we readily understand that our every true thought, our every good deed, our every deeper view of nature and of life, comes from God, who is always urging us into the glorious liberty of His children, until we become a heavenly republic in which righteousness, peace and joy shall reign. "The restless desire of every man to improve his position in the world is the motive power of all social development, of all progress," says Scherr, unable to perceive that the mightiest impulses to nobler and wider life have been given by those who were not

thinking at all of improving their position, but were wholly bent upon improving themselves. Make choice, O youth! between having and being. If having is thy aim, consent to be inferior; if being is thy aim, be content with having little. Real students, cultivators of themselves, are not inspired by the love of fame or wealth or position, but they are driven by an inner impulse to which they cannot but yield. Their enthusiasm is not a fire that blazes for an hour and then dies out; it is a heat from central depths of life, self-fed and inextinguishable.

The impulse to nobler and freer life springs, never from masses of men, but always from single luminous minds and glowing hearts. The lighting of great thoughts shows the way to heroic deeds. It is better to know than to be known, to love than to be loved, to help than to be helped; for since life is action, it is better to act than to be acted upon. Whosoever makes himself purer, worthier, wiser; works for his country, works for God. The belief that the might of truth is so great that it must prevail in spite of whatever opposition, needs, to say the least, interpretation; for it has often happened that truth has been overcome for whole generations and races; and the important consideration is not whether it shall finally prevail, but whether it shall prevail for us, for our own age and people. It is of the nature of spiritual gifts to work in every direction; they enrich the individual and the nation; they develop, purify and refine the intellectual, moral and physical worlds in which men live and strive.

The State and the Church are organisms; the body, the social and religious soul, under the guidance of God, creates for itself. And not only should there be no conflict between them, but there should be none between them and the free and full development of the individual. A peasant whose mental state is what it might have been a thousand years ago is for us, however moral and religious, an altogether unsatisfactory kind of man. All knowledge is pure, and all speech is so if it spring from the simple desire to utter what is seen and recognized as truth. The love of liberty is rare. It is not found in those whose life-aim is money, pleasure and place, which enslave; but in those who love truth, which is the only liberating power. Knowledge is the correlative of being, and only a high and loving soul can know what truth is or understand what Christ meant when He said: "Ye shall know truth, and truth shall make you free." High thinking and right loving may make enemies of those around us, but they make us Godlike. How seldom in our daily experience of men do we find one who

wishes to be enlightened, reformed and made virtuous! How easy it is to find those who wish to be pleased and flattered!

At no period in history has civilization been so widespread or so complex as to-day. Never have the organs of the social body been so perfect. Never has it been possible for so many to co-operate intelligently in the work of progress. You, gentlemen, have youth and faith and the elements of intellectual and moral culture. In the freshness and vigor of early manhood, you stand upon the threshold of the new century. You speak Shakspeare's and Milton's tongue; in your veins is the blood which in other lands and centuries has nourished the spirit which makes martyrs, heroes, and saints. Your religion strikes its roots into the historic past of man's noblest achievements, and looks to the future with the serene confidence with which it looks to God. Your country, if not old, is not without glory. Its soil is as fertile, its climate as salubrious as its domain is vast. It is peopled by that Aryan race, which, from most ancient days, has been the creator and invincible defender of art and science and philosophy and liberty; and with all this the divine spirit and doctrine of the Son of Man have been interfused.

We are here in America constituted on the wide basis of universal freedom, universal opportunity, universal intelligence, universal goodwill. Our government is the rule of all for the welfare of all; it has stood the test of civil war, and in many ways proved itself both beneficent and strong. Already we have subdued this continent to the service of man. Within a hundred years we have grown to be one of the most populous and wealthy and also one of the most civilized and progressive nations of the earth. Your opportunities are equal to the fullest measure of human worth and genius. In the midst of a high and noble environment it were doubly a disgrace to be low and base. In intellectual and moral processes and results the important consideration is not how much, but what and how. How much, for instance, one has read or written gives us little insight into his worth and character; but when we know what and how he has read and written, we know something of his life. When I am told that America has more schools, churches, and newspapers than any other land, I think of their kind, and am tempted to doubt whether it were not better if we had fewer.

The more general and the higher the average education of the people, the more urgent is the need of thoroughly cultivated and enlightened minds to lead them wisely. The standard of our

Intellectual and professional education is still low; and neither from the press nor the pulpit nor legislative halls do we hear highest wisdom rightly uttered. To be an intellectual force in this age one must know—must know much and know thoroughly; for now in many places there are a few, at least, who are acquainted with the whole history of thought and discovery, who are familiar with the best thinking of the noblest minds that have ever lived; and to imagine that a sciolist, a half-educated person, can have anything new or important to impart is to delude one's self.

But if you fail, you will fail like all who fail,—not from lack of knowledge, but from lack of conduct; for the burden which in the end bears us down is that of our moral delinquencies. All else we may endure, but that is a sinking and giving way of the source of life itself. It is better, in every way, that you should be true Christian men than that you should do deeds which will make your names famous. And if you could believe this with all your heart, you would find peace and freedom of spirit, even though your labors should seem vain and your lives of little moment. The more reason and conscience are brought to bear upon you, the more will you be lifted into the high and abiding world, where truth and love and holiness are recognized to be man's proper and imperishable good. Become all it is possible for you to become. What this is you can know only by striving day by day, from youth to age, even unto the end; leaving the issue with God and His master-workman, Time.

### Hope and Life.—Class Poem.

"Spes Unica"—The University's Motto.

#### I.

LIFE without hope is death, a starless night,  
With ne'er a promise of the coming day,  
The murky gleam of cities, wan and gray  
Upon the troubled sky, all earthly light.  
The leaden clouds press on in sullen flight,  
But ever others, as the first give way,  
Crowd fast upon them in a wild array,  
And peace comes not until the dawning bright.

Doubt is the cloud-rack that shuts in the earth  
To death, and sorrow, and the dull despair  
Of broken vows and high resolves betrayed.  
But hope is mighty, courage takes fresh birth  
With day's first radiant sunbeam; and the air  
Is vibrant with new forces, undismayed.

#### II.

No man is lost who hopes—though stars grow dim  
And sunrise is not seen for dashing waves;  
Though no faint glimmer lightens up the caves  
Of rayless gloom, and upward, from the rim  
Of the dark world, we see no dear ship swim;  
And from our desolation no hand saves,  
No heart the comfort offers our heart craves,  
Faith falters not, and life is one brave hymn.

Fear means but death; hope is the soul of joy—  
There is no joy without expectancy;  
Existence is a dull and heartless thing,  
A bauble slight, a foolish, fragile toy,  
When life from the gold chain of hope is free—  
Free—but a wounded bird on feeble wing.

#### III.

Faith guarded Colon from the courtier's art.  
The doubting sneer, the cutting laugh of scorn;  
It led him through the darkness to that morn  
Off Salvador, when, mist-veils rent apart,  
He saw the dream-world of his fancy start  
To light and life; and glory yet unborn  
Shone round him, and forgotten was hate's thorn;  
For heaven and earth are for the brave of heart.

Hope sped before him o'er the trackless sea;  
Hope spread her wings and sheltered his sad soul  
When human love had perished all for him;  
Hope led him through the land of poverty  
And drew him, spite of doubting, to the goal,  
Here, in our land, where faith is never dim.

#### IV.

O, friends, let us, to-day, remember this:  
That hope is power; the world is ours, if we  
Have faith enough,—to hope, it is to be  
Forever in a world promised bliss,  
To know, in darkest days, the vital kiss  
Of joy to come, the glory of the three,  
Of Faith and Love and Hope—life's Trinity;  
But doubts are traitors and all joy we miss.

Comrades and friends, in this place made by men  
Whose lives were led by hope's transcending light,  
Here, 'neath the shadow of the cross they reared,  
Faith bids us hope until the death time, then—  
Hope lost in faith and ended the long fight—  
We, conquering, will wonder that we feared.

DANIEL VINCENT CASEY, '95.

THERE is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness! . . . Love not pleasure, love God. This the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved;—wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.—*Sartor Resartus*.

## Valedictory.

SAMUEL ANDREW WALKER, '95.

THE time has come, as it comes to all men, when the epoch of youth ends and that of manhood begins. It has come to us—really come at last. The future has gone; it has become the past, and the present is now. We cannot shrink from it; we must admit the fact that to-day we put off the garments of boyhood and don the *toga virilis*, with all the responsibility it brings. But the past is no more dead than the seeds of the June roses of to-day were dead when they lay in the earth awaiting the vital touch of spring. Our past was the seed of the present. We have sown and the manner of our sowing is a prophesy of our reaping. As we have done our work here, so will we do it in the future. Though sad indeed is the parting from our dearest friends and best counsellors, the sweet remembrance of them will ever remain cheering us on to nobler, higher efforts.

"We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering."

However loath we may be to sever the ties of friendship knit by years of association, and to bid farewell to old spots and scenes deeply engraved on our hearts, yet duty calls and we must answer.

With what feelings of joy and expectation did we look forward to this momentous occasion which would see us standing on the very threshold of the world! Seldom did our fancy penetrate the unknown depths that lay beyond this desired day and now that it has come we instinctively draw back, realizing that our happy college days are to become but a dream. In the past our eyes were always directed towards the future; but now, as we pause to look backward, our hearts overflow with tender emotions, our former hopes of unmingled joy are turned to sadness, and our souls are stirred with an ardent longing to retrace our footsteps.

As we turn to look for the last time upon the familiar scenes of our triumphs and defeats, our joys and sorrows, and see the forms of loved ones vanishing in the distance, our hearts for the time, direct our wills; we stretch out our hands and would cling to them forever; but a deep gulf lies between. This life has its pains as well as its pleasures, and the greatest of its pains is the separation from those who have grown near and

dear to us. Our hearts grow sad when we think that our constant companions for years will to-day pass out of our lives, perhaps for ever; but they will not, they never can be, forgotten. Our thoughts are borne backward and in spirit we re-live the past; things that ought to have been done, and things that could have been done better come crowding through our memories, and in vain do we regret that what is past can never be recalled. But the failures and faults of our youth are lessons for the future. The mistakes we have made supply us with the remedy for our shortcomings. Though I do not assume the right to preach, yet if I may be permitted to take a maxim for your guidance and mine, might it not be that that expressed in the words of the late Richard O'Gorman, "Let us learn to govern the territory bounded by the rims of our hats!"

REV. FATHERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY:—To you we owe a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. Whatever we are is due in a great measure to your untiring efforts in our behalf, and, if we realize our hopes and your expectations, if we succeed in taking honored places among the *Alumni* of our *Alma Mater*, it will be due to your example and teaching. You have cast our rough unformed characters in the mould of true Christian manhood and we pray God that never may we prove unworthy of the confidence reposed in us. Having donned the armor you have given us, we go forth to enter the battle of life, resolved to come back with our shields or on them. It is with sorrowing, yet grateful, hearts that we bid you farewell!

FELLOW-STUDENTS:—You who look forward eagerly to the crowning of your labors, as we of '95 have done, do not realize how sad the parting, when it comes, will be. We have found the path that led to this day full of obstacles; but the joy of the reward more than repays our efforts. To have turned back would have been cowardly. Surely to be rewarded as we are is worth any effort. Fellow-students, it gives me much regret, but we must say farewell!

CLASSMATES:—It is only when about to part that we feel most keenly what steel-like bonds unite us. And now we are about to clasp hands and say good-bye. There is a smile and a tear in my heart as I speak these words—a smile for the old jokes, the old stories, the old sunny days!—a tear for tender memories. We have laughed together and we have sorrowed at times, and if a tear starts unbidden now, I for one would not call it unmanly.

"Tears have a quality of manhood in them, when shed for those we love." Let us be true to *Alma Mater*—loyal, Christian, American, and when the Great Master of All waits to give us our last diplomas, when the apprenticeship of time is done, God grant that we may—all of us—shine in the white light of His Throne.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Mr. James Coughlan, of San Francisco, ever a devoted friend of Notre Dame, has recently manifested his deep regard by a gift of ten boxes of fine California fruit. They have a way of doing things, out there, peculiar to themselves and very acceptable to others, and whether it be for growing fruit or giving it away, they have few equals and no superiors. Mr. Coughlan's present was generous and in good taste—as a host of palates are ready to testify—and we take this occasion to tender him our thanks.

—From Philip A. Kemper, Dayton, O., the SCHOLASTIC has received a very kind letter full of encouraging words; also, a collection of the promises which Our Lord made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. For both these favors we desire to express our gratitude. The "Promises" is, in many respects, a monumental work. That they are beautifully issued is, of course, only the fulfilment of a long-cherished hope; but, apart from this, it will be a thing for wonder and admiration to many that over two hundred and thirty languages are represented, and that the task of gathering them together covered a period of fourteen years. Mr. Kemper deserves gratifying returns for his painstaking labor.

—The Staff acknowledges with thanks an invitation to attend the Greek drama, "Eutropius," which was recently enacted at Holy Cross College by the Class of '96.

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"Eutropius" is the title under which the Class of '96 of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., send forth their souvenir book, and the sound of the title is not more beautiful than the

make-up of the volume itself. The art-work and typography are excellent, and the matter is in keeping with both. The contents of this happy production consist of an elaborate analysis of the Greek play "Eutropius," which was put on so successfully last June at Worcester, and "occasional" verse, some of which is occasionally more than good. The little book is a monument in its way, and will long serve to keep memories fresh which would otherwise sink into forgetfulness.

—One of the most welcome and, at the same time, most beautiful, Jubilee gifts received by the University is the magnificent parlor table, with the heavy silver tray and pitcher resting on it, which form at present the most attractive objects in the large reception-room.

The table is of rose-wood, highly polished and carved with the greatest artistic skill. Its surface, elliptical in outline, is supported by four griffins with outstretched wings and claws resting upon the floor. The linen cover on which the great pitcher rests is ornamented with the handiwork of one of the pupils, and, judging from the exhibit at Commencement, St. Mary's may well be proud of her achievements in the Fancy Work Department; while the pitcher itself is one of the largest as well as the most elaborate we have ever seen. On its front it bears the arms of the University, with its simple but suggestive motto—*Spes Unica*; and, on the opposite side, an inscription commemorating the names of both donor and recipient, with the date of the gift beneath.

But, much as the artistic merit and intrinsic beauty of the gift would deserve mention in our columns, it is the sentiment of friendship and co-operation, the evident good feeling and appreciation from our sister institution, which prompted the gift and seem to be breathed forth by its chaste and elegant beauty, that attract us most. We have weathered many storms in the half century so gloriously crowned by the Golden Jubilee; but in the thickest of them all, and some were indeed severe, Notre Dame always felt certain of the sympathy of St. Mary's. When the Notre Dame of '79 was in ashes, St. Mary's was the first to come to its rescue—and effective assistance it was. And this touching and appropriate tribute is but an assurance that both institutions will be to each other in the future what they have been in the past—loyal friends and comrades with a like end in view, the progress of Catholic education, and a like trust in God and their own disinterested enthusiasm to attain it.

## The University's Golden Jubilee.

DANIEL V. CASEY, '95.



ON the morning of Thursday, the thirteenth of June, Notre Dame rounded out the fiftieth year of her existence as a university. Father Sorin and his seven companions first looked on the forest that was to give way to a Catholic college in November 1842; but the real work of teaching, the organization of classes and the arrangement of courses came later, after the charter had been secured, in 1844. So that it was the real jubilee that we celebrated four weeks ago, the crowning point in her first half-century of work. Thursday was the third day of the Triduum with which the Jubilee was commemorated, the third day of a celebration the like of which the Western Church has never seen. There may have been, perhaps, jubilees more splendid from a spectacular point of view and graced by the presence of a greater number of prelates and ecclesiastical dignitaries; but never before was there such a gathering of representative Catholic priests and laymen, the rank and file of the Church militant, the men who bear the heat and burden of the day. They were her sons, for the most part, and they had stolen a week from their business or professional cares to rejoice with their *Alma Mater* over her coming of age. They ranged in years from the venerable Dean Kilroy, Notre Dame's oldest living graduate, to the bright-eyed young men whose names are still on the lips of the smallest Carroll; but they were all one in spirit, the spirit that laughs at age and is ever young. And the Junior of '45, awed a little by the magnificent pile of buildings that has taken the place of the "College" of his boyhood, turned for a moment and watched the Carroll of '95, and knew that the two Notre Dames were the same and that the influences brought to bear on the students now are not so different from the ones he had known—that the spirit of the men of '45 had come down to their successors of the Jubilee year.

It was to have been a Triduum of rejoicing. As a matter of fact the University was *en fête* from Sunday until Thursday. Though the formal exercises of the Jubilee were not to commence until Tuesday, many of the "old boys" took time by the forelock, and Sunday found nearly two hundred guests ready to begin the celebration. For many of the undergraduates, the Jubilee note had

not yet been struck, for the Board of Examiners did not finish its task until Monday afternoon, and only the Class of '95 were careless and free—their fates had been decided on the Friday before. But '95 was on the Reception Committee, and they did all in their power to help President Morrissey and the Faculty to entertain the guests of the University. On Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, the last parade of the Hoynes' Light Guards was formed, and the cadets of former years had an opportunity of comparing '95 form with that of the companies when they wore gray and black. They seemed disposed to praise rather than criticise, and Father Regan and Colonel Hoynes may well feel satisfied with the year's achievements in circles military. Never before were the medals for the private, in each company, most perfect in the manual of arms, so hotly contested. The crossed muskets and shield in Co. "A" went to F. J. Scott, of Montgomery, Ala.; while F. H. Pim, of St. Louis, Mo., carried off the honors in Co. "B" and G. D. Moxley, of Chicago, the Sorin Cadet prize. The three awards were vigorously applauded, and the gray-jacketed young fellows would, probably, have broken out into wild hurrahs, if it were not so very unmilitary to do anything but stand straight and gaze into the dim distance, or that part directly in front of one. A few words from Colonel Hoynes, thanking officers and men for their attention and devotion to duty during the year, and the last "Parade dismissed," rang out and the gray lines melted away. Then came dinner—the regular ante-Commencement-Sunday dinner—and in the afternoon, the usual services, Vespers and Benediction, in the church. It was much the same as an ordinary Sunday afternoon, except that the reception-rooms and the halls and porches of the University were filled with little groups, gossiping and talking over old times, while the lawn and the drives about the lakes were gay with parties of young men and young women arrayed in many hues. The afternoon was all too short and after supper an impromptu concert by the University Band gave the last touch to a perfect day.

Monday was a day of arrivals. From early morning a steady stream of hacks brought visitors by scores and hundreds, and before night the population of Notre Dame was increased by at least a thousand. It was a holiday crowd, good-natured, as a matter of course, but, still, longing to be amused, and the single lawn concert left any amount of spare time. So it seemed, too, to Father Regan; and he began to cast about him for some plan to give pleasure to the guests within our gates. An inspiration came to him,

born of his memories of the Court of Honor in Jackson Park in '93. Why not illuminate St. Joseph's Lake? Mr. F. J. Smith, the manager of the illuminations on the Wooded Island at the World's Fair, had been engaged to decorate the University buildings and illuminate the grounds, and surely local talent could do almost as well. So he called a special meeting, on Monday morning, of the Boat Club and explained his project to them. They took it up with enthusiasm, and all afternoon there was a tremendous bustle at the Lake, for the Club was determined to make its undertaking a success. And it was a success—a triumph, rather—for it was the prettiest sight the SCHOLASTIC man ever looked upon,—and he was at the World's Fair in '93.

The lawn concert by the Band began at 6.30. Our Band has, if not a national, at least a wide local reputation; and all South Bend's music-lovers were on hand to listen to its performance. The boys in blue and gold never played in better form and *encores* lengthened the programme, so that it was dusk before the tuba gave its last despairing toot and the bass drum and the leader were left to console each other. Then came an invitation to all to take a peep at the lake "by candle-light." And so the crowd—there was a round three thousand, at the least—surged down the broad drive and stood, for an hour or more, drinking in the beauty of the scene. The Boat Club had done its work well. The entire lake was encircled by a ring of fire, or, rather, a string of gleaming, glowing beads, for the lights were just far enough apart to be distinct, each from its neighbor. And up from the line of twinkling points of flame, completely surrounding the lake, rose a mass of dark green foliage, radiant, almost, under the light of thousands of Chinese lanterns. Across the lake, the steps leading up to the Novitiate were lined with wavering jets and the outlines of the boat-house itself were traced in flame. And the people stood in wonder, while the six crews manned their shells, decorated, all, with lanterns and bunting, and the other members of the Club brought out the smaller boats; and the procession went slowly around the lake and back to the piers again. It was like a bit out of the Arabian Nights, in spite of the modish gowns and frock-coats of the audience; and it is safe to say that the many will remember the illumination of St. Joseph's Lake as the most splendid scene of the Jubilee.

With the Pontifical High Mass of thanksgiving celebrated on Tuesday morning by the Right Reverend Joseph Rademacher, the Ordinary of the diocese, the exercises of the Jubilee were formally

begun. Shortly after nine o'clock the rich, deep tones of our old *Bourdon* echoed from building to building as the procession of students and religious and ecclesiastics formed in the main hall of the University building, to escort the Right Rev. celebrant and his attendants to the church. It is an old custom at Notre Dame to preface every Pontifical Mass with a procession from the University parlor to the church, and Tuesday's was the most magnificent of all. Headed by the Band, the long procession swept down the stone steps and around "the Heart" to the church door. It was the medley of all colors, and the dark blue and gold of the musicians, the crimson and white of the acolytes, the browns and blacks of the students, the blue-gray of the military companies, the black and white of the priests, the purple and crimson of the bishops and archbishops, and the gold of the vestments of the celebrant and his assistants gave splendid color to the scene. The organ took up the march as the long line entered the church, the clergy found their places in the sanctuary—there was a lull, a change in the music, and the Mass began. The Bishop had for his assistant Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., while Rev. D. A. Tighe and Very Rev. J. R. Dinnen, were deacons of honor, and two other of Notre Dame's Alumni, Rev. D. A. Clarke and Rev. Luke J. Evers, were deacon and subdeacon of the Mass.

The church was crowded to the sanctuary-rail, within which sat Most Rev. William Henry Elder Cincinnati, Ohio; Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan Chicago; Most Rev. John Hennessey, Dubuque, Iowa; Most Rev. John Ireland, St. Paul, Minn.; Right Rev. John B. Brondel, Helena, Mont.; Rt. Rev. Maurice F. Burke, St. Joseph, Mo.; Rt. Rev. John J. Hennessey, Wichita, Kansas; Right Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmans, Cleveland, Ohio; Right Rev. John J. Keane, Washington, D. C.; Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Covington, Ky.; Right Rev. James Ryan, Alton, Ill.; Right Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, Salt Lake City, Utah; Right Rev. John L. Spalding, Peoria, Ill.; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Columbus, O., and Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C., Sup.-Gen of the Congregation.

The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ireland, the great man of the Church in the Northwest. We print it entire—as, indeed, we do with all the orations and addresses that were delivered during the Jubilee Exercises—on pages other than this; but type and printer's ink are altogether inadequate to convey to the reader the wonderful force and strength and persuasive power of the spoken words. His peroration was magnificent—a burst of the eloquence that thrills even at the remembrance of it. But it is folly for one

to attempt an estimate of Archbishop Ireland as an orator. Add to the force of the written word the influence of the most magnetic personality in the American Church to-day, and even those who have not heard him will understand what is the power exerted over an audience by the great Archbishop of St. Paul.

It was high noon when the Archbishop had finished, and, while the students and the mass of the guests repaired at once to the refectories, the clergy and a few of the laymen sat down to a dinner—exactly the same as that served in the refectories—in the hall of the new Community House, which had been hastily finished to accommodate the bishops and priests who were the guests of the University. It was obviously impossible to accommodate all in the college refectories, so a banquet hall was improvised in the new building. The room was tastefully draped in the college Gold and Blue, with the national colors and "Old Glory" very much in evidence. Covers were laid for two hundred, and the most notable thing, perhaps, about the *menu*, was the absence of a wine-list. We copy it:

## MENU.

Soupe à la Tortue.  
 Truite du lac Michigan.  
 Pommes de terres Parisiennes.  
 Radis, Olives, Concombres, Tomates.  
 Poulet Sauté à la Marengo.  
 Petits pois à la Française.  
 Punch à la Romaine.  
 Cotes de Bœuf Rotis à l'Anglaise.  
 Salade de laitue à la Mayonnaise.  
 Gâteau de Fraises à l'Américaine.  
 Crème Glacée à la Tortoni.  
 Petits Fours Assortis.  
 Fromage de Brie et Roquefort.  
 Café Noir.

The Rev. D. A. Clarke, '67, of Columbus, was chosen toast-master, and he accepted the office and the duties imposed by it in the following words:

Most Rev. and Right Reverend Bishops and Reverend Fathers: I am requested to officiate in the capacity of Toast Master on this occasion—on this very memorable occasion—in the history of Notre Dame. And I feel a great mistrust as to my ability to fulfil the office as it should be done; when I remember the number of friends of the institution, so very distinguished, who are gathered here from all parts of this great country to partake of her festivities on this occasion of her Golden Jubilee. But as a faithful student of Notre Dame,—we all were taught to respect our superiors and to accept and do as best we could whatever task she gave us to do,—I was so trained that I feel that it would have been almost rebellion to refuse to accept the honor of the task which she sought to confer upon me, though it be with some misgivings. While there are others who might fill the place better than I, I pray God to give me strength to do the

best I can. We are gathered here to-day from all portions of America, and as the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul this morning told us so eloquently, we are not gathered for any meaningless ceremony, nor for an idle curiosity. To us of the clergy, especially, it means a great deal; and the clergy are to lend to this celebration a sort of a consecration that only priestly hands can give. The laity, it is true, can testify in regard to the greatness of this occasion, but the order of clergy gathered here lends it a greater impress than would a mere celebration of the laity. We come to assist in placing upon the brow of Notre Dame the golden crown of years. It is a time of celebration in history, not only of Notre Dame, but of the nation, and she has seen many other festivities; but Notre Dame has outlived them all in many respects and in many important particulars. As we congregate here again we realize this; we see it to-day by reason of the great change wrought in Notre Dame, in the last twenty-five years, especially. Moreover, our celebration is one of joyous thanksgiving, of heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for His sympathy and love which have enabled the founders of this institution to rear a monument that is to-day the pride of Western Catholicity. A monument that has for its Patroness the Seat of Wisdom, and whose Patroness looks down on us and her work and progress from her towering dome in the sky; who has a queenly crown of twelve stars on her head, with a beautiful moon at her feet, a typical woman; and Father Sorin always took pride in saying that she was the cause of Notre Dame's success. The name she bears is the one which has been the inspiration of this place, the inspiration of Father Sorin in his great work here. How long had been the first quarter of a century in the work of building Notre Dame. Twenty-five years before, this inspiration came to him, and the history of that quarter of a century was one of toil, of excitement, of unceasing labor, of great suspense. Those twenty-five years were long drawn out. They were years of anxieties for the future. But how different were the next twenty-five years down to this golden time. They were years of glory and progress. We have to-day great reason for rejoicing, because of the fact that Notre Dame has succeeded so eminently in the last twenty-five years. How many are there here to-day who took part in the great celebration of twenty-five years ago? Perhaps I am the only one here of the class of twenty-five years ago to-day, and I am certain that I am the only one of that class in the ranks of the clergy. Those years have seen great changes in the world and in the Church. There have been two Roman Pontiffs in the chair of Peter since then, two bishops in this diocese, two generals in the Order of the Holy Cross, six presidents of the United States. It is a notable celebration so honorable as well as a glorious quarter of a century in the life of a glorious institution. We, then, of the class of twenty-five years ago who are yet living, patriotic citizens of the country, can claim to-day the title of bi-metallists, because we are equally gold and silver men. Sixteen to one—she is sixteen times better off than we are, which is the ratio of gold and silver. But at the same time I say we rejoice in the double jubilee, the silver when we were leaving college, and to-day the glorious Golden Jubilee of our loved *Alma Mater*.

As we are Catholics first, it is fitting that our thoughts should turn with love and reverence to the Head of the Church, our Holy Father, Leo XIII. And I will ask the Archbishop of Chicago to voice our tribute to the Ruler of Christ's kingdom on earth.

## Archbishop Feehan:

Most Rev. Fathers, it affords me great and sincere pleasure to have the opportunity of saying a word on this great occasion. It is certainly most appropriate that at this celebration of our great Western university we should see to it, that the first mentioned of its names of honor and reverence be that of our Holy Father, the Pope, for there is a close connection between our schools of learning and the supreme head of the Catholic Church. In all ages past the Popes have been the friends of learning and of scholars. They have been, in a measure, and, I might say, in a great measure, the founders and, certainly, they have been the patrons, of the great universities of the world. As we well know the present Pope is the founder of the great modern and very promising University at Washington, and is a real friend of scholars and of learned men. Men of learning of every land, promoters of learning, teachers and scholars, have always found in the Pope a generous friend, a patron and a protector, and therefore it seems most meet that this great school of learning, the University of Notre Dame on the day of its festival, and on the day of its grand Golden Jubilee, should place first among its honorable names that of our Holy Father, the Pope, and especially when the Pope is the illustrious Leo XIII. And moreover, and beyond this, on this great occasion, I would declare that it is one of our great Catholic dogmas that, as our Lord founded His Church upon the solidity of the rock, that He made a choice, and selected Peter from all others to be His Vicar and the prince of His Apostles; that He gave to him and his successors the supreme authority in His Church and the supreme head of His holy clergy; that from the days of Peter till now how grand is that light that encircles the head of the Bishop. There may have been perhaps two or three personally unworthy, but the rest of them were good. They are many and they are illustrious. In the early days there dwelt in Rome great military leaders who sent their legions to the great nations often times, to enslave and destroy; but in after times from Rome, the great spiritual university of religion and academy of pastors, came greater teachers than the early military chiefs. They also sent out their legions, their missionary priests, not to destroy, but to give life and the divine truth of the heavenly Father to the nations.

No matter what ignorance or prejudice may say the Catholic people will continue to love the Pope, to obey him and to reverence him, not only as the supreme teacher of Christendom, but as the infallible teacher of divine truth. This is true not only of former times, but of ours. We know of men of every class, prelates, priests and laymen of our own nation, and representatives of other climes, coming to place their homage at the feet of Leo, and to offer him their consolation; and those men of many races and of many climes do not come as mere travellers or through idle curiosity to view the ancient city of Rome, its hills or its ruined temples, or to meditate on those departed glories of former times, when to be able to say "I am a Roman" was the proudest title of the world, but they come because Rome is the centre of the Catholic world and of Catholic unity, because *there* is Leo, the successor of Peter. They come to declare the power and strength of the Catholic faith—the religion that bears all the marks of ages, but not one of the destroying hand of time. When we mention the name of Leo XIII. it is with a feeling of the utmost reverence and affection, not only for him officially as the supreme pastor of Christendom, but for himself personally; and

particularly those who have ever approached him and who have had the happiness of speaking with him. Before the vicar of Christ, the Lord, we all bow with reverence. His word is sacred to us all; but we love him for his personal qualities, for his wisdom, for his tender, noble heart, for his high courage, for his intellectual gifts, for his universal sympathy, especially towards the younger portion of his flock, that have been evidenced in his manifestoes and in those great encyclicals to the Church. We also know that there is no portion of that vast kingdom over which Leo XIII. rules, for which he has a more tender affection than for the Church in the United States. We know also that of all this land and of those men of many races and climes of this world who come to speak with him, to ask his blessing, to give him their homage, their sympathy and their consolation, we know that among all those who come throughout the civilized world, there are none more welcome or more graciously received by him than the children of the Church of this great, fair land of America. Therefore, we honor him in every sense of the word. As we love him and obey him, we pray at the same time that so noble a life may long be spared and prolonged, that he may live to see vice restrained in his holy See, and that he may certainly live to see the end of spoliation and of ignorance.

## Father Clarke:

Since the Archbishop of Chicago has so fittingly paid tribute to his Holiness, the Pope, I would respectfully ask the Archbishop of Cincinnati to respond to the toast next in order—The Church and America.

## Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati:

After we sat down I was requested to say a few words about the Church and America, and they said that the "few words" might be taken literally, and that two or three minutes would be enough. I will try, if I can, to comply with the suggestion. The Church in America is very properly, indeed, associated with this great festival of Notre Dame, because of the large share that this glorious University had in giving to the Church in America her position among the people of America, and because of the blessings which Notre Dame receives from the Church. These things have been set before us with a great deal of eloquence this morning, and perhaps the best thing I can do will be to try to draw a practical conclusion from the eloquent lesson presented. That as the Church in America hands down to us of the present generation illustrious examples and great truths, it rests upon us of this present generation to hand down to the next the results of those same fruits multiplied by our labor and our exertion. As was set forth the field is larger and the materials are better accumulated and the persons to work are more numerous.

How will we accomplish the duty imposed upon us? Considering what we received from those who went before, how will we fulfil our duty toward those who come after? Simply by each individual bearing his own responsibility to God and to country, and his own obligation for using the best efforts and powers in his possession and the best of everything that God gives Him for the advancement and glory of Almighty God and in securing the prosperity of the country.

## Father Clarke:

In close connection with the subject just so succinctly touched upon, of the Church in this country, comes the tribute to our country itself. They are so closely united

and depend so much, one upon the other, that it is very appropriate that our country should be the next toast. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, was to speak on this, but as he could not be here, Bishop Keane, of Washington, has kindly consented to respond in his absence.

Bishop Keane:

The Bishop of Columbus was very properly chosen to speak of our country on this occasion, but since unavoidable circumstances hinder "Columbus" from being here perhaps it is not altogether inappropriate that "Washington" should come next in order. If dear old Columbus were here he would certainly thank God for the glorious triumph achieved and for the incident which started him across the track of the world. If Washington were here, he would certainly join hands and heart with him in giving thanks to God for the spectacle on which we have the privilege of gazing. They were both providential men, both agents of Almighty God in carrying that word to the nations of the earth. Columbus started across the ocean hoping to find the oldest of the old nations of the world, and from it to get treasures and wealth untold; but God meant different from that. God meant that he should find not an old world, but a new one; not one with its treasures in some hidden sepulchre, but a new one that was to witness the most glorious growth of all humanity. God never makes a mistake; we are making them all the time, but God never does. Father Sorin made no mistake when he located his fortunes, and went to work in the land of Columbus and of Washington, and the spirit that was in Father Sorin is in his successor. I can testify that the present Father General of the Holy Cross stated to me and declared to me his clear recognition that here is the land of the future; that here is the country that is most friendly to the Order of the Holy Cross, and that here men and women who are laboring for God and humanity are given the right sort of a chance to do the right sort of work. And as Father Sorin and his successor believe in America, I can testify that another and a higher authority is of the same opinion. Last summer, when in Rome, I had some blessed interviews with Pope Leo XIII., and one day as we entered into his presence I remember he said: "I have been thinking a great deal of America this morning. America is the land of to-day; America is the land of the future." It was a Christian sentiment and a divine benediction pronounced by the Vicar of Christ upon us. Who can imagine it was all by chance, or by human wisdom, or by guess work. It was the wisdom from above that shapes all our poor endeavors. But we grope like Columbus in the dark, not knowing where our landing is to be; but there is a God above, whose poor little instruments we are, and who is overlooking all his plans, and will see that they are wisely carried out. There are some men, and I trust there are many men—I trust, indeed, that it is true with most men, that they see clearly how the providence of God is guiding things through our moral intelligence, and that we ought to be one with Him in our views and in our endeavors. And they feel that it is their duty and their happiness to carry on as best they can the poor little work He has given them to do, and that God is manifestly and abundantly able to carry it on to completion. Leo XIII. is a churchman and a statesman, and because he is, is pre-eminently fitted to hold the Chair of Peter. He has a deep love for the Church and for the world. He knows that God made the Church for the world and the world for the Church, and that they are not hostile powers working against each other. Leo XIII. is no Manichean

The Manichean would give the world to the devil and the Church to God. Leo XIII. is a true Catholic. He wants the Church for the world. Both go together. If a man does not understand one he cannot the other. There is no conflict! How can there be? We are always telling people there can be no conflict between truths—God's truth. There is no conflict between reason and Revelation, between science and religion. Of course, there cannot be. Just as little can there be conflict between the work of God in the world and in the Church. When we think of a Manichean, we think of the spirit which would rupture the unity which God has made between the two. Having made both, he wants to be the body of the world and he wants to be the soul of the world, and the blessed God is the Saviour of both the soul and the body as He is the Creator of both the soul and the body.

The religion taught by our Divine Saviour is, as St. Paul so emphatically teaches, "useful unto all things; having promised both for the life that is and for the life that is to come." God placed His religion here that His Saints might unite the two. That man is one of the most mistaken of men who says that it is a hindrance in God's work to unite it with the natural; who says that it is a compromising of the Divine with so much of the human; a compromising of the Church with so much of the state; a compromising of the spiritual with so much of the material. That man is a Manichean without knowing it. Manicheism is the greatest danger to the world to-day. The blessed God says that His Church could take possession of the world: but these people say, "Hands off, it will defile it." It is a mistake that is working worlds of mischief in some countries and must never be permitted to take root in ours. Father Sorin had nothing of it in him. Therefore, as supreme head of the Order of the Holy Cross, he secured it as an order and an institution which should keep step with the progress of the nation. He saw, as Pope Leo XIII. sees, that here is to come true, Catholic glory. And if Leo XIII. recognizes that America is the leading nation of the earth; that America is in the vanguard of human progress; that America, as he himself expressed it, "is the land of the future," is it not good for us that it is ours to appreciate and recognize the same thing? Now there are people who seem to have, or would seem to wish to have, us to believe that it is the providence of the devil that is guiding our history. But it is not; it is the providence of God, and that man has not the true sense of the evangelical optimist, has not the spirit of the Gospel if he thinks it is not. We are going forward. There is progress in human events. We are not going to everlasting destruction. The blessed God is giving us better things for the future than he has given us in the past, and every reasonable man knows that. It is only the good old women in men's clothing who believe that the world is only of man. Because I believe in the Gospel and because I believe that God's hand is guiding us, and because I believe that it is the providence of God that is putting America in the front rank, I believe that she is to be the chief instrument in God's providence to bring about the Christianizing of the world. Therefore, of all men that I have a profound pity for, the greatest is he who is afraid of Americanism in the Church of God. I am sorry for such a man. He does not understand the providence of God; he does not believe in the prophecies of our blessed Lord. He does not see the work of God in the world, or what He is manifestly going to do with our own America. As Archbishop Ireland said, let us only give to our American the advantages of a

thoroughly Christian liberal education; let us give our children the benefit of it to carry on the blessed work of God when we are old, worthless and white-headed. We are not afraid to go ahead. We will not, we must not, let the wheels of progress go backward, and we must do our part to make our loved America the chief agency in bringing about the Christianizing of the world. Let us through our influence for good put in the minds and hearts of America and America's children the influence of truth and the influence of Jesus Christ. And just in proportion as we fill the intellect of America, by a liberal, Christian education, with the spirit of our Divine Saviour, while we are teaching her all the other branches of knowledge, just in that proportion will we fit her, our country, to fulfil the mission that God has manifestly set before her. Let the Church prepare her to receive the best and truest Christianity, and let the good, noble, whole-soul American Catholic be one of the prime causes of America's success.

Father Clarke:

The next toast in order will be the "University of Notre Dame," which will be responded to by Father Evers, of New York City.

Father Evers:

Most Rev. and Right Rev. Fathers and brethren. Our Bishop has just said, in his opening remarks, that Almighty God never makes a mistake, but that we are always making mistakes. I seriously think that somebody has made a grave mistake in assigning to me the response to this toast to-day. I think I am a very poor representative to speak on such a great subject as the University of Notre Dame. I have had the honor to be a student at Notre Dame, and there is no place on God's earth that I love more truly than I do love Notre Dame; and I only wish that I had the eloquence of the most Rev. Archbishop, this morning, or His Grace who has just finished, to say what I would wish to say in regard to my *Alma Mater*. In speaking praise of our *Alma Mater*, Notre Dame, I am sure we are sounding forth the praises of her honored founder, Father Sorin. When we mention that name, we go back in spirit and see that venerable, patriarchal man and see him coming into the wilds of Indiana. Surely he was directed by the providence of God to take part in the shaping of the minds and hearts of the future Americans. He was not of our nationality; but, as was said this morning, Father Sorin was a true American. He came here with ideas that are going to direct the minds of men in the coming generation, if I may so express it. Although Father Sorin came here over a half century ago, although Father Sorin is now indeed dead, I sincerely believe that Father Sorin's spirit will be the spirit of the coming century.

The ideas that are propagated in the minds of the students of Notre Dame are ideas of true Americanism—high liberality, generosity, true both to God and to man. We have had in the history of Notre Dame very few presidents. I have had the honor, although I am only a young man, of knowing all the presidents of Notre Dame, with one exception, and that was Rev. Father Dillon; and I voice the sentiments and ideas of all the students of Notre Dame when I say that from Father Sorin down to our honored President of the present day each one has been truly loved by the students. When I came to Notre Dame, Father Lemonnier was President. I am sure that the students of those days who knew him loved him with their whole hearts. He was a man who was loved

by everyone; his was a disposition that was kind and gentle, and I am sure that, after Father Sorin, Father Lemonnier was the best loved of every student that entered the halls of Notre Dame during the years that he was president. After the Very Rev. Father Lemonnier came then our able president who is present here to-day, our army chaplain, Father Corby. I am sure he was loved truly by every student who ever knew him. He is an illustrious example of what Notre Dame is trying to do in the line of education in America. As President of our University he spared no endeavor to make the mission of this institution, the training of loyal, Catholic Americans. He went into the front rank of the army, and there fought and gave us an example, a living example, in his life, of what he would wish to do for the young men of America in making them Christians and true American citizens.

After Father Corby came the Rev. Father Colovin. I am sure there is no student who has had the happiness of knowing Father Colovin that did not love him. After that came the dear President who died but a few years ago, and who will be long remembered in the annals of this University—dear Father Walsh. I am sure no student, and in fact no one, that ever entered the halls of Notre Dame left it without feeling that in meeting the Very Rev. Father Walsh he had met one of the grandest characters; one of the most lovable men; one of the grandest priests that it had ever fallen to his lot to meet. The University of Notre Dame is now governed by our President, Father Morrissey. I am sure that Father Morrissey, having had the opportunity of living under the *régime* of those illustrious presidents of Notre Dame who preceded him, has imbibed all the spirit and all the energy of the past presidents of Notre Dame, and there is no fear on our part, as members of the Alumni, that Notre Dame will not be in the future what it has been in the past—glorious for the Church and glorious for the country. When, therefore, I speak of the University of Notre Dame I say that I wish I had the eloquence or the power of our Most Rev. Prelates to send forth words from my mouth that would do justice to, and properly bespeak, her glory on the day of her Golden Jubilee. And I say, therefore, as a member of the Alumni that I would call down from Heaven upon the authorities who have governed Notre Dame in the past and upon those who have in hand her government to-day the richest and choicest blessings of Almighty God. If Notre Dame has been glorious in the past; if she has labored for the Church and for the country and for God, her career in the future will be none the less glorious. In the past she has spread liberal Christian education, and under her able management she has increased year by year in her power for good, and the Alumni have no fear that our *Alma Mater* will not go into the twentieth century and be as grand—nay, that she will not be even grander than she ever has been in the past.

After dinner, a few hours were spent in visiting the different departments of the University, and at three o'clock began the commencement exercises in St. Edward's Hall. There were songs and declamations, and gymnastics by the little fellows, and they kept their audience amused and more than interested for some two hours. The Minims had not forgotten their dear dead friends, Father Sorin and Father Walsh, whose delight it was to be with their "Princes" and who took

the keenest interest in their work. On the stage in the "Gym," which had been transformed with bunting and flags, were the portraits of the two men who will live always in the hearts of the little lads, and every number on the card seemed to speak of them. "Friends Gone Before," the joint production of Gerald Egan and his famous father, had the first place, after the Entrance March, on the programme. Gerald's delivery was as graceful and full of feeling as the lines of his poem, which we gladly print:

Like scented clover in the field,  
In the lovely month of June,  
Sadder thoughts a perfume yield—  
Thoughts of dear ones gone so soon.

Like the lilies in the pond  
Where the sunbeams shineth bright,  
Shine their pure souls gone beyond  
Into God's eternal light.

On this day of joy and love  
Still the pain of loss we know,  
For the friends who from above  
Smile to see our joy below.

Their hands planted what we reap;  
They fought well the good, good fight;  
Our dear Lord their souls will keep  
Till we see them pure and bright.

Will Finnerty, too, had some pretty verses; for the Minims, of late years, disdain to speak in prose. They were, as he read them, very effective, and we print "The First Recruit" also, without apologies:

The history of past ages has the power to charm our heart;  
Our youthful spirits arm themselves and seem to play  
a part.

In deeds of the arena where strong men and lions fought;  
Or we follow in the Crusades, those wars with romance  
fraught;

And yet we stand upon a scene where heroes brave have  
died,

A battle-field that valor won and saints have sanctified.

Yes, fifty years ago, there came a leader in the fray,  
With only faith and trust in God to show his heart the  
way;

A little band of loyal souls stood ever at his side  
With hand upon the crucifix, whatever might betide.  
They fought with poverty and cold, with ignorance and  
sin,

Our Lady's banner urging them for her the day to win.

And when they built fair Learning's fort, and called it  
Notre Dame,

A young recruit, a Minim small, to found the army came  
And he it was, that Minim brave, who led the vast array  
Of soldier-students who have since here followed in his  
way;

So we who stand, this day of days, within St. Edward's Hall,  
Rejoice that 'twas our little band, though neither wise  
nor tall,

Who had the first recruit upon this field of work and drill?  
The Minims then were leaders, and we think they're  
leaders still.

The record of the Minims through all these fifty years,  
The history of the college tells, its changes, hopes and  
fears.

The noble work of him we loved, and whom we mourn  
as dead,

Dear Father Sorin, who was e'er the college heart and  
head,

Is shown on every side where stands a stone upon a stone  
From deep foundation to our Blessed Mother's gilded  
throne,

And others rest in death's long-sleep, beside our Father's  
grave,

Who ever to God's little ones their tireless labor gave;  
And on this day when every heart to jubilee is given,  
They're looking down in love, amid the sainted one in  
Heaven!

The presence of so many who hold the college dear  
Gives added pleasure to the day and crowns this golden  
year;

For 'tis our glory that we are the boys of Notre Dame,  
Her honor is our honor, and we hold in pride her name,  
O may her days of usefulness increase a hundredfold!

Until the rosary of time its beads have all been told  
And may the noble priests who guide our *Alma Mater*  
dear

Be spared to watch her onward march for many a prosper-  
ous year!

O Mary, Queen of Notre Dame, we humbly ask of thee  
To bless all here assembled for this Golden Jubilee!

When the young men in knickerbockers had all  
made their bows, Very Rev. President Morrissey  
arose and told the Minims, in his own sincere and  
earnest way, how proud he was of them and the  
work they had done during the year. "What  
touches me most in your entertainment," he said,  
"is the loyalty and affection you have shown to  
the memory of Father Sorin and Father Walsh. I  
feel that they are with us in spirit, celebrating our  
Golden Jubilee, and I am confident that it is to  
their prayers that we owe the blessings which we  
are constantly receiving at Notre Dame."

Tuesday was Alumni Day, and the exercises in  
Washington Hall in the evening were entirely  
given over to "Notre Dame of the Past." Just  
after supper, our indefatigable Band appeared once  
more on the lawn and, for an hour, discoursed  
sweet music to the assembled multitude. For it  
was a multitude. The thousand or more guests  
of the University were fairly lost in the crowd that  
surged up the broad avenue to greet the guest  
of the evening, His Excellency, Claude Matthews,  
Governor of Indiana. The most conservative  
estimates grant that seven thousand persons were  
within our gates during the evening. And they  
brought their bands with them—four of them—  
but that was later in the evening, after our own  
musicians had fled, and there was no contest  
between mind and matter, between "gown and  
town," such as some had hoped to witness.

At half-past seven the University Orchestra

began Harold's grand overture, "Zampa," which they rendered in splendid style. The second number was a chorus, "Notre Dame of the Past," which was an arrangement from different arias in Rossini's "Semiramis." The other musical "interludes" were worthy of the occasion, the Quartette's "Welcome," being particularly good.

There were three orations on the programme. The first was by Father Kilroy, '59, whose reminiscences of Notre Dame in the "forties" were delightful. They were not all tender memories, nor all humorous, but there was wit to lighten the weight of the facts, and his audience found them intensely interesting. The Very Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75, had much to say on "Notre Dame and Religious Education" and he said it well. His oration was carefully done from every point of view, and he commanded the closest attention, on the part of his hearers from start to finish. Hon. T. E. Howard, LL. D., '68, doffed, for the moment, the ermine of the Supreme Court, and read a poem whose title was "The Gift" and whose every line was full of thought and music. He was applauded to the echo, and his reading, while it was without any of the tricks of the elocutionist, was singularly clear and distinct. Hon. William P. Breen, '77, took for his theme our "Alma Mater" and made an oration full of fire and thought and tender memories. Mr. Breen has never lost his interest in Notre Dame; he has watched her pass safely through many a crisis, seen her triumph over many a difficulty; and better, perhaps, than any other man is he fitted to speak of the University of the past and the present and the men who made it what it is. His words brought tears to more than one eye, and the round after round of applause that greeted his periods showed that he had touched the hearts of his hearers.

When Father Morrissey and Governor Matthews appeared upon the stage they were welcomed with a wild burst of cheering. After a few graceful words of introduction, Father Morrissey left the Governor to his own devices; and, when the applause had fully died away, he made a short address on Notre Dame and her work. His speech was, of course, impromptu, and it is hardly fair to compare it with the more studied productions of the other speakers of the evening. Still, it was a graceful and kindly tribute to the value of the work the University is doing, and Governor Matthews' words are not without weight. Outside, the crowd and the bands were waiting, and when his short address was finished and he had said good-bye, Governor Matthews' return to South Bend was very like a triumphal procession.

During the exercises in the hall, the decorator and his assistants had been busy with the illuminations, and when the crowd poured out of Washington Hall, the whole Campus was ablaze with countless fairy lamps. The statue of the Sacred Heart was the centre of the decorative scheme which was carried out only in part, the immense crowd making anything like order simply out of the question. Some of the figures were beautiful, the canopy about the statue, in particular; but as a whole, the illumination was not a success compared with the splendid effect achieved by the Boat Club on Monday evening. Still the grounds were very beautiful—more beautiful than ever before—and Alumni Day, the first of the Triduum, was ended in something very like the traditional blaze of glory.

Tuesday had been a day of rejoicing, but on Wednesday morning the University put off her holiday dress and robed herself in sombre black for the Requiem Mass for her dead sons and benefactors. There was no triumphal procession about the grounds; but the sad and solemn ceremonies of the Mass were even more impressive and thrilling than those of the previous day. Archbishop Elder was the celebrant, assisted by Very Rev. Vicar-General Brammer, while Very Rev. M. Campion and Rev. A. Messman were deacons of honor, and Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., and Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., were deacon and subdeacon of the Mass. The sermon was by the Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, D. D., '77, and his subject was "The Makers of the University." Father Mooney is a graceful writer and his eloquence was the eloquence of conviction and faith in ideals. Father Sorin was his arch-hero, and the great work wrought by the sainted Founder and his devoted companions at Notre Dame was the burden of his discourse. Again the church was crowded, and for forty minutes the immense congregation listened eagerly to Father Mooney's words.

The Mass over, those who had mackintoshes or friends with umbrellas looked them up at once, for a light rain had been falling for more than an hour. But rain is no hindrance to aquatic sports and the regatta on St. Joseph's brought everyone to the water's edge, long before the crews made their appearance. The rain had cooled the air and the conditions were almost ideal for fast work over the courses. Just at ten, the Gold and Blue pennant of the Club fluttered up to the peak of the boat-house staff, and the crowds around the lake began to grow uneasy and wonder why the sport did not begin. Then a wide lane was opened, through the throng, to the piers, and, a moment

later, the crew of the "Silver Jubilee," dazzling in their yellow jerseys and blue caps, made their appearance, to be greeted with a storm of applause. Their shell slid easily into the water, and the men were in their seats when their opponents of the "Golden Jubilee," clad in deep blue, with flaming caps of gold, came forth to meet with an ovation quite as hearty as the other. Then there was an anxious moment or two while straps and oars and oar-locks were given a last test, and the crews were ready for the race. The "Golden Jubilee" was manned by Ralph L. Palmer, Captain, No. 1; J. Sidney Corby, No. 2; Albert T. Spengler, No. 3; Arthur T. Chase, No. 4; Philip A. Wellington, No. 5; Frank H. Hesse, stroke and John C. McGurk, coxswain; while the crew of the "Silver Jubilee" was arranged as follows: Edward E. Brennan, No. 1; Charles D. McPhee, No. 2; Hunter M. Bennett, No. 3; John F. Mullen, No. 4; Fred W. Schulte, No. 5; George N. Johnson, stroke; William J. Moxley, Captain and Coxswain.

As they rested on their oars, waiting for the word, it was hard to choose between the sixes. If anything, the boys in blue seemed the stronger crew, but the "yellow fellows" were no less confident of victory. When the warning "Are you ready?" rang out, there was a hush, followed by a roar of delight as the pistol cracked and a dozen oars flashed back, were buried, rose and fell again. The pace was terrific from the start; but the "Silver Jubilee" slowly drew away from the blue jackets, and they came out of the turn a length ahead of their opponents. But the crew of the "Golden Jubilee" was far from beaten; they hit the stroke up to thirty-eight, and the race to the buoys was one long spurt. The gold slipped steadily away from the blue and the "Silver Jubilee" crossed the line two lengths ahead. And the men on the shore forgot the rain and gave the winners an ovation when they backed into their slip.

The two "Jubilees" had hardly been housed when the doors on the northern side of the house were rolled back and the old *Evangeline* and *Minnehaha*, boats dear to the hearts of many an old club man, were carried forth by two sextettes of oarsmen scarcely less brawny than the crews of the "Jubilees." Crimson and blue the colors were this time, the *Evangeline* sporting the claret, while the *Minnehaha* clung to the blue. The crew of the *Evangeline* took their places as follows:—Edgar Crilly, No. 1; Fred J. O'Brien, Captain, No. 2; Jenaro Davila, No. 3; Henry W. Mathewson, No. 4; Francis H. Wagner, No. 5; Louis E. Brinker, Stroke; John G. Mott, Coxswain. The *Minnehaha* oarsmen

were:—George H. Sweet, No. 1; Thomas W. King, Captain, No. 2; Francis J. Wensinger, No. 3; Alexander R. Carney, No. 4; Thomas F. Guthrie, No. 5; Edward T. Gilmartin, Stroke; Joseph A. Marmon, Coxswain. As they pulled slowly to their places beside their buoys, no choice could be made between the two crews. They got off well together, but at the third stroke King, the captain of the *Minnehaha*, slipped off his seat and the *Evangeline* forged two lengths ahead before he swung back into time again. All the way down to the turn, the *Minnehaha* spurted and caught their rivals and beat them at the turn. Then the *Evangeline* added two to their stroke and raced bow and bow with the *Minnehaha* to the finish. It was a magnificent race, even more exciting than the "Jubilee" race; for the prize was anyone's until the line was crossed and then it was everyone's. It was a dead heat, and fourteen anchors were awarded instead of the usual seven; for it would have been little less than cruelty to send the crews over the course again. There was to have been another race, for four-oared shells, but for some occult reason it was declared off and with the *Minnehaha-Evangeline* race, the regatta—certainly the most interesting in many years—was ended.

Again the dining-hall of the new Community House was the scene of a very pretty and touching ceremony. Notre Dame's hospitality is famous, but when the Eucharistic Congress met, last August, "beneath the shadow of the dome," they hardly expected to be the guests of the University. Father Corby and Father Morrissey had very decided ideas on that point, however, and protests and arguments on the part of the managers of the Congress were vain to move them to take money for what they had intended as a kindness. And the members of the League went away grateful—and plotting. And when the plot took shape, the firm of Ed. Bourdon, goldsmiths and jewellers in old Ghent, whose fame as makers of mediæval vessels for the use of the Church, is international, received an order for a ciborium, with *carte blanche* as to cost. The goldsmiths fairly surpassed themselves and the ciborium is a splendid specimen of the jeweller's art. It is seventeen inches in height, seven inches across at the base, and the cup, which, with the cover, forms a perfect sphere, is five and a half inches in diameter. It weighs a trifle less than four pounds and is of solid silver, sterling, very heavily gilt. The base is divided into six segments radiating from the centre, and separated by chiselled clusters of grapes and vine

leaves. In each of the sections, the outer edge forms a quarter circle and the central field is given up to an armorial shield. The six escutcheons bear the arms respectively of the Priests' Eucharistic League, the United States, the University of Notre Dame, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the President of the Eucharistic Congress, and the Director-General of the League in the United States. The escutcheons are done in enamel and the delicacy and beauty of the work are wonderful, like nothing the SCHOLASTIC man has ever seen. About the base runs the inscription, in crimson and blue enamel:—ASSOCIATIO SACERDOTALIS S. S. SACRAMENTI MEMORIALE PRIMI CONGRESSUS EUCHARISTICI AMERICANI IN UNIVERSITATE S. MARIE AD LACUM, DIEBUS 7<sup>a</sup> 8<sup>a</sup> AUGUSTI, 1894, A. D. Poised on the Gothic stem, which swells, midway up, to a knob, worked *a jour* and set with six amethysts, is the globe-shaped bowl. The ornamentation spreads, for a little space, over the surface of the bowl, forming a broad band of massive, yet delicate, tracery enriched by twelve rubies and as many turquoises. The cover is an exact counterpart of the cup in size and decoration except that, instead of the stem, it is surmounted by a pile of Gothic pinnacles, finely chiselled, and an exquisitely modelled crucifix. Around the rim of the cup, where bowl and cover meet, is traced in German capitals on a chased background the quotation from the hymn to the Blessed Sacrament: ECCE PANIS ANGELO-RUM FACTUS CIBUS VIATORUM. On the whole it is one of the most beautiful of Notre Dame's sacred vessels and will long be cherished as a memorial of the most unique event of her first half century. The ciborium was put into the hands of Archbishop Elder, but he insisted that the presentation be made by Bishop Maes, the President of the Congress, who was present. The Bishop's address was fraught with feeling, and the one thing for which the SCHOLASTIC feels that an apology is due its readers is that we cannot print it. Father Corby received the gift and, with tears in his eyes, thanked the League for its precious *souvenir* of the Congress, which was all the more grateful for its very unexpectedness.

Wednesday afternoon, our sister institution, St. Mary's Academy, claimed our guests for her own, and right royally did she entertain them. There was music of the best, a poem or two and a half-score of essays that made the men of '95 more than uneasy for their own laurels; and the audience, although a critical one, was also thoroughly appreciative. St. Mary's and Notre Dame have always been dear to each other, the glory of the one has ever being the delight of the other, and the

Academy joined with the University in giving thanks for the blessings that have been common. And so the afternoon slipped away all too quickly for the men and women who found the school and the exercises so interesting. But Notre Dame had no mind to surrender her guests, only to lend them, and at six o'clock the long line of hacks moved eastward again and the University stirred to life—and supper. Supper over, the last lawn concert of the year was begun by the Band, and our neighbors from the city began to return. It seemed as though the band was inspired, for they played as never before, and their rendering of some of the numbers—notably the Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore,"—was little short of wonderful. They deserve all praise for the splendid work they did during the Jubilee. Not a little of the gayety of the celebration was due to our Band, which is certainly without a peer among the colleges.

Tuesday had been Alumni Day and the men who had worn the Gold and Blue before the present generation had attained to the dignity of kilts, had helped us to realize, again, the Notre Dame of other days. On Wednesday evening the men of to-day—the class of '95—came to the fore and undertook to enlighten their predecessors and contemporaries on some of the vital questions of the day, and the entertainment they provided for their audience was graceful and dignified and interesting. The overture by the University Orchestra was Beethoven's "Fidelio" and it was admirably executed. The Jubilee Ode, "Notre Dame," as rendered by the chorus of students, was glorious—the finest bit of work our singers have done in the last two years, and the audience went into raptures over it. Hodgson's "Sweetest Time for Dreaming," which was beautifully done by the University Quartette, was the other musical number that deserves special mention.

Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95, was the first of the three student-orators of the evening. His subject was a difficult one, for it is indeed hard to ring new changes on "Eloquence and Liberty," but Mr. Murphy achieved the impossible, and charmed everyone by his easy manner and finished gestures. Indeed, it seemed very much as though the committee which selected the themes for the evening's orations had gone deliberately to work to test the three young men to the utmost, for more unmanageable subjects could hardly have been found. Mr. Eustace Cullinan, '95, the second speaker was similarly handicapped, but he made a strong and forceful oration on "The Letter and the Spirit," and he was listened to

with a rapt attention that few young men are able to command. Earnestness was the keynote of his delivery, and some of his assertions and inferences were strikingly bold and original. "Character and Country" gave Mr. Thomas D. Mott, (Law) '95, many splendid opportunities, and he made much of them. His oration lacked the polish and eloquence of the other two, but the manner of his delivery was perfection itself. Great interest was manifested in the work of the three young men, for the Breen Medal for Oratory was to be awarded to the one adjudged most worthy by the three men selected to decide—the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., President of Georgetown College, the Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Wilkesburg and Mr. William Dillon, the Editor of *The New World*, Chicago.

But the three judges put aside all consideration of the claims of the trio when Bishop Spalding of Peoria, the orator of the evening, ascended to the stage; for that man would, in truth, be a curiosity, who could listen to the words of the Emerson of to-day, and think of other things. There is a subtle charm about everything that Bishop Spalding says—readers of his essays know it, for it depends not on his manner of speaking—a sudden strength and force that compel instant attention and absolute submission to his mood. He was at his best on Wednesday evening, for he is naturally a teacher. His pupils are, by choice, young men, and he addressed himself to the Class of '95. "The Making of One's Self" was his theme, and his oration was a noble creation, pregnant with the great thoughts and true thoughts and holy thoughts that come only to idealists and men of faith. When he had ended the inspiring strains of the Thomas-Tobani "Columbia" rang out, a fitting *finale* to the exercises of the second, and greatest, day of the Jubilee.

There is one thing more to be chronicled, the Commencement exercises on Thursday morning. There is something peculiarly depressing about Washington Hall in the early morning, with the glow of the foot-lights gone; and to no one was this more evident than to '95 as they listened to the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," and realized that Notre Dame was a home to them no longer. But there was one consolation—there were many there to see them take the plunge and wish them God-speed.

After the Quartette came the Class Poem by Mr. Daniel V. Casey, '95. It was very well read, the critics say, and anyone may judge whether it reads well or not, if he will turn to the first part of this paper. Mr. Samuel A. Walker, '95, was Valedictorian, and the Crimson of the Class has no

reason to droop for the way '95's representative said farewell. Mr. Walker was dignified and emotional by turns, and if there was a break, once or twice, in his voice, no one thought the less of his Valedictory for it. The sentimental part over, those who were to preside at the conferring of the degrees and the awarding of the medals took their seats on the stage and the business of the morning began. The list was a long one, and again and again the proceedings were interrupted by prolonged applause when some particularly happy award was made. Bishop Rademacher presided, supported, on either side, by the visiting prelates and the heads of the various Faculties. When the last medal had been awarded, the last degree conferred, President Morrissey said a few earnest words of thanks to the assembled guests and students.

"It becomes my duty," he began, "on behalf of the Faculty of the University, to give expression to the deep feeling of thankfulness in our hearts to the Most Rev. Archbishops and the Rt. Rev. Bishops who have honored us by celebrating with us this, our Golden Jubilee. Their presence on this occasion has been an inspiration to the Faculty of the University to do greater and higher things in the performance of their sacred duties. In the name of the Faculty, I promise you that our efforts in the future will be greater than ever to carry on the great works to which we have devoted our lives—that of liberal Christian education. Though we know that difficulties will beset our lives in the future as they have in the past, here, in the presence of these distinguished men, we hope that the difficulties of the future, like those of the past, will be but stepping-stones to higher and nobler things to come.

"I thank you most sincerely, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers and friends, for honoring us with your presence. I also thank our many well-wishers throughout the country who have honored us by joining in the celebration of our Golden Jubilee. To the students just going to their homes, and to our graduates I would say God-speed. I pray that their vacation will be a pleasant one to all, and I hope to see them return to Notre Dame in the fall; and I can assure them that they will be welcomed with a welcome that is really genuine. Once more I thank you all, friends, and I hope we shall often have the pleasure of welcoming you again to the halls of Notre Dame."

And when all was over, and the newly created bachelors were receiving the congratulations of their friends and professors, the University Band began a march, "The Notre Dame Quickstep," the crowd melted away, and the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame was a matter of history, except in the hearts of her sons, to whom the greatest event in the annals of their *Alma Mater* will be ever a living reality.

## Letters.

While the presence of hundreds at the Jubilee exercises bore ample testimony to the esteem in which Notre Dame is held, we cannot forego the pleasure of giving in print the expressions of cordial greeting of some who were unavoidably absent.

BALTIMORE, March 23, 1895.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

In reply to your favor, I hasten to say that circumstances will compel my absence from Notre Dame next June. I had made up my mind to be present with you, but I am to start for Rome early in May, and will not return till the fall. It is, I assure you, a disappointment to me, as I was anxious to participate in your Golden Jubilee and as I retain a grateful recollection of the hospitality extended to me on the occasion of my former visit. I hope at some future day to atone for my forced absence in June by paying you a friendly visit.

Faithfully yours in *Xto.*,

✠ J. CARD. GIBBONS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 16, 1895.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

I find it impossible without serious inconvenience to a number of congregations to cancel engagements which stand in the way of my participating in your Golden Jubilee celebration; and as I have no free time until July I cannot postpone said appointments. For instance, on Corpus Christi I have three engagements for Confirmation. I regret my inability to be present on those grand festive days on which will be commemorated the foundation, half a century ago, of one of America's most flourishing centres of education, the pride of our American Church. Believe me, Rev. Father,

Yours most sincerely in *Xto.*,

✠ JOSEPH J. KAIN,  
*Abp. Coadj. Adm. St. Louis.*

NEW ORLEANS, April 12, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Your favor of the 8th reached me to-day. I would with pleasure accept your kind invitation, but the dates make it impossible. Last year I was away in Europe for nearly six months, and I am behindhand with my Confirmations in the country. I shall be engaged constantly until at least the beginning of July. I extend to you and to the University my warm congratulations for the great good performed during fifty years, with the earnest hope and wish that it will continue to prosper as long as the Catholic Church shall exist in the United States in *sacula saeculorum*. With blessing,

Yours devotedly, in *Xto.*,

✠ F. JANSSENS,  
*Abp. of New Orleans.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

My absence in St. Louis prevented my replying sooner to your kind invitation to be present on the occasion of

the Golden Jubilee of your great University. I sincerely regret that a series of appointments that I have made will prevent my enjoying that pleasure.

During forty-three years of the University's existence I have known it and watched its progress with great interest. I do not know of any instances in the history of the universities of the world of such marvellous progress with such limited means, and hence it is to be regarded in very truth as the work of God.

Wishing, from my heart, that your great institution will achieve still greater triumphs in the future,

I remain, yours very faithfully,

✠ P. J. RYAN, *Abp. Philadelphia.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 4, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

It is with great regret that I am obliged to renounce the pleasure of being with you at the Golden Jubilee of the University.

I had made all my arrangements to go to Ireland and France in the interests of my new Seminary, now approaching completion, when your first letter reached me, and I could not postpone my visit until next year. I feel that I belong to Notre Dame more truly than any other bishop of the Church of this country. It is a second home to me, and whenever I have the happiness of visiting it, I feel the days of my boyhood revived. I am always grateful to Notre Dame for what it has done for me, and I carry in my heart the memories of the great and good men who in the wilderness laid the foundation of its present greatness. It was an education and an inspiration to have known them and to have lived with them. May God bless it, and make it fruitful! *Mater filiorum letans.*

Sincerely yours,

✠ P. J. RIORDAN,  
*Abp. of San Francisco.*

OTTAWA, April 18, 1895.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

I feel proud of the kind invitation extended to me to assist at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame. But I regret to say that I find it will be impossible for me to be present, as I will then be on my pastoral visitation in the newly settled part of my Diocese, where I have not been for three years. However, I will not fail to pray to God and Our Lady that the good work performed at Notre Dame may be continued and even increased forever. The Church already owes very much to the University of Notre Dame, and I think it will forever be in the interest of this holy Mother that that seat of learning shall receive the best encouragement both of the clergy and the laity of the United States of America. That it may ever prosper is the ardent wish of

Your devoted servant in *Xto.*,

✠ J. T. DUHAMEL,  
*Archbishop of Ottawa.*

ERIE, May 2, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Many thanks for the kind invitation extended to me. The fiftieth anniversary of your noble institution is, so far as our American Church is concerned, indeed a

national event. The name of its great Founder will figure in this picture as one of the illustrious confessors who must necessarily be assigned a conspicuous place in American Ecclesiastical history. May the coming festivities be worthy of him and the now celebrated institution he founded. However, I am too feeble and too busy just now to be present on the occasion.

Yours with sincere respect,

✠ T. B. MULLEN, *Bp. of Erie.*

BUFFALO N. Y., April 16, 1895.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

Your very kind favor inviting me to the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of your University has duly come to hand. I thank you for the same, and congratulate you and the University, wishing you joy and happiness and success on this memorable occasion. I hardly dare promise you to partake in your festivities, as, about that time, my official duties keep me very busy. If possible, I shall run on at least for one day; and whether I do or not I will be with you in spirit, and rejoice with you at the wonderful development and glorious success which Notre Dame has achieved within those fifty golden years.

Yours respectfully,

✠ S. V. RYAN, *Bp. of Buffalo.*

KANSAS CITY, KAN., April 11, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Your kind invitation to the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame is too tempting to resist; under ordinary circumstances, I would gladly avail myself of it. Owing, to the fact that on account of sickness during the past two summers, a great deal of missionary work in the line of giving Confirmation has accumulated, I have endeavored to redeem myself by an early start and a late return. I will have to leave home on the Tuesday after Easter and will be out till the end of June, with a day or two between, a couple of times. As the order was published about three or four weeks ago, and the distances are so great, it will be impossible to make a change. I can then have nothing else than a spiritual rejoicing over the happy event, with the prayer that the University may continue on its course of prosperity for generations and may do all the good God may have destined it and may bless the hard work of the Fathers, those that have helped to lay the foundation and have fostered it into maturity, that the celebration may rejoice the soul of good Father Sorin, who bore the heat of the day for so many years. Please take my good will for the deed, under the circumstances, and believe me to be, dear Father,

Yours very respectfully,

✠ L. M. FINK,  
*Bishop of Kansas City.*

COVINGTON, April 13, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I am happy to say that I will be able to accept your kind invitation, *D.v.* I will come and rejoice with you, and help to put a crown of honor upon the brow of the educational queen of the West. God bless you and yours!

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ C. P. MAES, *Bp. Covington.*

OGDENSBURG, April 18, 1895.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

As far as I can foresee till then I think I shall have the honor and pleasure of being present at your great Jubilee and of thus testifying how I appreciate the services which the Congregation of the Holy Cross and especially, the University of Notre Dame, have rendered to religion in this country. Should anything happen to prevent me, I will let you know. Thanking you for your invitation and hoping to meet you soon, I am,

Your obedient servant in J. C.,

✠ H. GABRIELS, *Bp. Ogdensburg.*

WINONA, MINN., MAY 3, 1895.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

Your very kind invitation received some time since, and the programme of the Golden Jubilee of grand old Notre Dame are before me. The invitation has had much consideration, with the result that I am determined to compass attendance at the exercises. Pardon me for not have written this earlier; I could not see my way to it and I would not decline.

Notre Dame has nobly earned the presence of every bishop, priest and representative layman of the United States in this so eventful and glorious an occasion for her and the country at large. May your glad eyes see naught to dim their brightness when they look upon the Jubilee's grateful gathering.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ JOSEPH B. COTTER, *Bp. Winona.*

ROME, May 22, 1895.

DEAR AND REV. FATHER MORRISSEY:

I have received to-day your most beautiful and kind invitation for the annual commencement of this year commemorating the Golden Jubilee of your University. It was very kind of you not to have forgotten an old friend of Notre Dame like I am, and I beg to thank you and all my friends for such an exquisite act of kindness.

Father Regan wrote to me some time ago, announcing the visit to Rome of some friends of Notre Dame, who, however, have not as yet come. I do not want to repeat that all the friends of Notre Dame are my friends, and that they shall always be welcome here in Rome and to me.

With the best respects, my dear and Rev. Father, to yourself and to all the Fathers and students and friends there, I have the great pleasure to remain,

Truly yours in *Xto.*,

G. STRANIERO, D. D.,

*Canon of St. John Lateran.*

ROME, May 16, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I feel more than my words can express the honor that you do me in extending to me so cordial an invitation to the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame. I wish from my heart that it were in my power to be present. During the past eight months I have been absent from home, owing to a serious illness I had last fall. The doctors prescribed absolute rest for some months, and now, thank God, I feel quite well and hope to be in Liverpool again the first or second week of June. Permit me to wish you and your Community a most joyous and successful Jubilee,

and further to pray that your glorious work may extend and each year be crowned with still further prosperity. Will you kindly offer my kindest remembrances to Archbishop Ireland, and believe me, Ever faithfully,

JAMES NUGENT, Editor *Catholic Times*, Liverpool.

Præsidi, Professoribus, Alumnis Nostræ Dominæ Universitatis, Universitas Georgiopolitana S.

Maximo quidem gaudio nos adfecerunt litteræ ornatissimæ in quibus nos ad diem anniversarium quinquagesimum a Vestra Universitate inchoata vobiscum celebrandum invitastis. Jure enim omnes veræ scientiæ veræque religionis fautores lætantur de benedictione qua Deus O. M. tam arduos tamque assiduos Fundatoris Vestri ejusque sociorum labores per decem lustra feliciter peractos coronavit.

Quod si omnibus hæc est communis lætandi ratio, maxime nos qui eidem Domino servimus, iisdem laboribus sumus dediti, voces nostras vestris conjungere decet simulque Deo gratias quam maximas pro tantis beneficiis agere. Quapropter, Viri Illustres, vobis de fructu laborum eximio, de ædibus spatiosis Christianæ juventutis institutioni consecratis, de bonis patriæ atque Ecclesiæ vestro opere collatis vehementissime gratulamur Deumque O. M. precamur ut eadem benignitate qua vobis ab initio dona cœlestia largitus est, vestra opera in posterum prosequatur. Hoc animo Reverendus P. Josephus Havens Richards e Societate Jesu, hujus Universitatis Rector et Reverendus P. Eduardus Holker Welch ejusdem Societatis, festivitibus vestris interesse curabunt, participes gaudii vestri nostræ gratulationis testes.

Data Kal. Jun. Anno MDCCCXCV, Georgiopoli.  
JOSEPHUS HAVENS RICHARDS, S. J., *Rector*.

AMERICAN COLLEGE, LOUVAIN, May 31, 1895.

VERY REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY,

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame. You have reason to rejoice; fifty years of fruitful work and marvellous success—what golden pages of history do they not contain! The grain of mustard seed, planted by the hand of the sainted Father Sorin, has grown into a mighty tree under whose shady branches chosen souls sing the praises of God and drink in the dew of heavenly wisdom.

The professors and students of the American College offer their sincerest congratulations, and pray God to continue His blessings on the University, and to keep it what it has been in the past: a bulwark of faith and virtue for the Church and people of America.

Yours very sincerely,  
JOHN WILLEMSON, *Rector*.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., May 13, 1895.

The President and Trustees of Williams College acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind invitation of the President of the University of Notre Dame for the exercises of its Golden Jubilee, June 11th, 12th and 13th, and extend to that institution and to its officers their cordial congratulations.

CHAS. H. BURR, *Sec.*

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, May 13, 1895.

The Faculties of the University of Pennsylvania extend hearty greetings and congratulations to the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, and regret that the duties connected with their own Commencement exercises on June the eleventh and thirteenth preclude the attendance of a representative on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee.

JESSE Y. BURK, *Secretary*.

AMHERST COLLEGE, MASS., May 18, 1895.

The President and Faculty of Amherst College present their cordial salutations to the President of the University of Notre Dame on occasion of the exercises

of the Golden Jubilee 11th, 12th, and 13th June, 1895, and beg to express sincere regret that it will be impossible for them to accept the courteous invitation with which they have been honored.

DAVID P. TODD, *Secretary of the Faculty*.

Maii 19, 1895.

Timotheus Brosnahan, sacerdos e Societate Jesu et Collegii Bostoniensis Præses, Andreæ Morrissey, C. S. C. Præsidi, Professoribus atque Alumnis Universitatis Nostræ Dominæ S. P. D.

Gratias quam cumulatissime vobis ago ob verba benevolentissima atque amicissima quibus me invitastis ut pompis, quæ Aureum Jubilæum vestræ Universitatis celebrabunt, interesssem. Utinam voluntati vestræ parere possem. Et enim fama jamdudum hic sparsit quot præclara a vobis fiant et quomodo litteræ, scientiæ omnesque artes liberales apud vos floreant. Quamobrem mihi est diu in votis tam splendida monumenta Christianæ doctrine invisere atque contemplari. Proh dolor tamen ita sum negotiis multis et magnis implicitus ut omnino impossibile sit huic meo desiderio hoc quidem tempore indulgere.

Ut omnia bona, fausta ac fortunata vobis eveniant Deum optimum Maximum enixe supplicabo, servus vester in Christo.

TIMOTHEUS BROSNAHAN, S. J.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Canada, June 5, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—I regret very much that my many occupations at present prevent my accepting your kind invitation to assist at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of your illustrious institution, the University of Notre Dame.

I assure you, however, that I will be united with you in spirit on the 11th, 12th and 13th insts., in returning thanks to God and our Immaculate Mother for the many and signal favors bestowed on the University of Notre Dame for the past fifty years. I remain, Rev. and dear Father,

Most sincerely yours in J. M. J.,

J. M. McGuckin, O. M. I., D. D., *Rector*.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, BALTIMORE, May 6, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Please to accept my heartfelt thanks for your very kind invitation to take part in the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame. I very much regret that I am unable to be present; just at that time we will be kept busy here with our term examinations and the retreat preparatory to the Ordination.

But if *absens corpore*, I will be *præsens spiritu*, and let me profit by this opportunity to express to you my sincere admiration for the truly great man who founded Notre Dame, and for the work he has accomplished.

Father Sorin, with whom I became acquainted here in Baltimore, during the Third Plenary Council, impressed me as a man of powerful intellect, strong, practical mind and energetic will, with much that was gentle and lovable, and above all as a true priest, having at heart the sacred interests of the Church and of souls, to the promotion of which he devoted all the gifts of his highly endowed nature. He deserves and will occupy a glorious place in the history of the American Church.

May God continue to prosper the University he has founded, and impart to his worthy co-laborers and successors the great blessing of seeing their work and the good they do constantly increasing. I am in our Lord

Very affectionately and devotedly yours,

A. MAGNIEN, S. S.

SEM'RY ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, Maii 24, 1895.

Seminarii Sancti Caroli Philadelphiensis Præses Præsidem atque Magistros Nostræ Dominæ Universitatis plurima impertiens salute natalem acturis quinquagesimum gratulatur, seque vobis gestientibus adfuturum pollicetur. Valete.

JOANNES E. FITZMAURICE, C. Præses.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, June 9, 1895.  
Præsidi Professoribusque Alumnisque Nostræ Dominæ  
Universitatis, salutem:

Gratulor vobis, fidei sodales,  
Propter hunc Nostræ Dominæ triumphum.  
Gratias mittens doleo me abesse  
Tempore fausto.

Aureos annos placidos habetis,  
Tam bonis actis: teneat futurum  
Filios Almæ similem ferentes  
Matris amorem.  
In gratiam precationis vester in corde SSo. Jesu.  
JOANNES R. TEETY.

EMMITTSBURG, June 4, '95.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:

I received your kind invitation to attend the Jubilee exercises at the University of Notre Dame next week. The fact that our examinations will then be in progress and that I shall be very busy preparing for our Commencement must be my excuse for not attending. I have long been anxious to visit Notre Dame, and I hope to be able to gratify my wishes in the near future.

May the blessing which accompanied the labors and the sacrifices of the noble founders of Notre Dame rest upon the work of their successors during the next fifty years and bring with it, if possible, an even greater measure of success! Hoping that your celebration will be all that the best friends of your college could desire,  
I remain, sincerely yours in *Alto*,

EDWARD P. ALLEN, *President*.

BOSTON ECCLES. SEMINARY, June 4, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Permit me, in the name of the Faculty of St. John's Seminary and in my own, to convey to you our hearty congratulations on the occasion of the Jubilee of your institute. Its growth has been truly wonderful, and well may you thank God for the manifest and manifold blessings which He has bestowed on the labors of your venerable Founder and his associates.

For several years I have been wishing to see your great work with my own eyes, and the present occasion would in many ways be most appropriate. Unhappily the duties connected with the close of our own scholastic year forbid any of us to be absent. But in spirit we shall be present uniting with you in thanking God and begging a continuance of His blessings on your institute.

Believe me, Very Rev. and dear Father,  
Respectfully and sincerely yours,  
J. HOGAN, *President*.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, June 5, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Many thanks for the kind invitation to be present at the Jubilee exercises of the University of Notre Dame. I regret that I will not be able to answer this request personally, as this is the busiest season of the year. I wish you, however, very sincerely God's best blessings on this occasion and that He may lengthen out the existence of the University through many years to come. May it long continue its noble struggle in behalf of Catholic education, and in future years may a long line of graduates rise up to call their *Alma Mater* blessed! To train up youth to the knowledge and love of God must ever be a labor dear to the great Creator of souls, and dear to every zealous follower of Christ. You do the sowing and others reap where they have not sown. They fail to understand that the seeds of the beautiful virtues that adorn manhood were planted long ago in the quiet seclusion of South Bend.

As I am engaged in the same work, I welcome with joy such others as Christ calls to this portion of His vineyard, and it is but proper that I should add such

words of cheer as are at my command to urge them to continue the struggle vigorously.

Again with a prayer that God may bless the University of Notre Dame, bless her professors, her pupils, her graduates and alumni,

I remain yours affectionately in Christ.

A. J. BURROWES, S. J., *President*.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE, N. Y., June 6, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER MORRISSEY:

I have delayed answering your very kind invitation to the Golden Jubilee of your splendid University, hoping I would be able to be with you, but unfortunately the work of the closing is upon us and I cannot get away. We send you as our representative one of your old students, Prof. C. M. O'Leary, Ph. D., LL. D.

Permit me, my dear Father, to offer you in the name of the trustees and faculty of Manhattan College our most cordial congratulations on this glorious celebration, and let me assure you that however great the success of Notre Dame is and has been, our earnest prayer is that it may be greater and so continue to the end of time.

Please present our congratulations to your Faculty and believe me, Rev. and dear Father,

Most respectfully yours,

BRO. JUSTIN, *President*.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, d. 8, Junii, 1895.

Præsidi, Professoribus, Alumnis Universitatis Nostræ Dominæ Præses et Magistri Collegii S. Benedicti Salutem.

Litteris nuper ad nos datis edocti, decurrente hoc mense Vos Universitatis Vestræ natalem quinquagesimum esse celebraturos, animo libente gratoque festivitatis hujus participes erimus.

Et sane, gravissimæ sunt causæ, cur dies hic cum lætitia et gratiarum actione Vobis sit celebrandus. Deus enim, a quo est omne datum optimum et omne donum perfectum singulari quadam providentia venerabili fundatori, Eduardo Sorin, est opitulatus, ita ut a parvo initio Universitas hæc Vestra intra quinquaginta annos creverit in Ecclesiæ Catholicæ ornamentum splendidissimum, Christianæ pietatis et eruditionis in hac nostra Republica seminarium clarissimum.

Dignemini igitur, viri illustres, gratulationes nostras accipere. Fausta et felicia omnia Vobis precamur; floreat semper et in dies crescat sedes hæc scientiarum et litterarum, nutrix religionis et morum, Ut In Omnibus Glorificetur Deus.

Addictissimus,

INNOCENTIUS WOLF, O. S. B.,  
Abbas et Præses nomine Magistrorum.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE, ILL., May 8, 1895.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of your University. I will gladly unite with your many friends on that day to rejoice over the success of an institution which is an honor to our whole country. Accept beforehand my sincerest congratulations.

Yours very respectfully,

M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., *President*.

ST. LOUIS, May 30, 1895.

REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C.,

I am very thankful for your kind courtesy of an invitation to the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of your worthy and great institution. I hope to be present, and if duties prevent me from being with you during three days, I shall most certainly (*D. v.*) be there on one day, June 12th or 13th. With congratulations and respectful compliments,

I remain, very sincerely,

BRO. MAURELIAN.

CHICAGO, June 8, 1895.

DEAR PRESIDENT MORRISSEY:

I have delayed my acknowledgment of your kind invitation to attend the exercises of the Golden Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, with the hope that a kind Providence would enable me to accept. But I am finally admonished by many urgent engagements that I must give up the idea of being present with you on that most interesting occasion; and therefore send you this note of regret, with heartiest congratulations on the past, and best wishes for the future of Notre Dame. May its good work extend through the coming generations with ever-increasing excellence. I shall hope to have the pleasure of reading in print, when published, the sermon to be delivered by his Grace, Archbishop Ireland, and the oration to be pronounced by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding. That these two discourses will meet all the requirements of the occasion will be readily anticipated by all who have heard these eloquent and distinguished representatives of piety and learning.

With renewed regrets for my inability to be present, and high respect and kind regards for yourself and your associates in the Faculty of Notre Dame,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES C. BONNEY.

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS was conferred on His Excellency Claude Mathews, Governor of Ind.; John B. Walker, New York City; Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, V. G., New York City; Henry J. Spaunhorst, St. Louis, Mo.; Austin O'Malley, Washington, D. C.; Richard Malcolm Johnston, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Hugh O'Garra McShane, Chicago, Ill.; Washington Hesing, Chicago, Ill.; Cavalier F. J. Singenberger, St. Francis, Wis.; Rev. Joseph F. Nugent, Des Moines, Iowa; James R. Randall, Washington, D. C.; Edward L. Greene, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. Luke McCabe, Overbrook, Penn.; William Dillon, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Washington Gladden, Columbus, Ohio; Hon. John R. Fellows, New York City; Rev. John Mullaney, Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. J. C. Wathen, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Francis O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on W. on R. Claxton, New York; James Caren, Columbus, O.; Rev. John B. McGrath, Gardiner, N. Y.; Ernest DuBrul, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas A. Connolly, Cleveland, Ohio; Harold V. Hayes, Chicago; Very Rev. Edward McLaughlin, Clinton, Iowa; Rev. James A. Burns, Notre Dame, Ind.; General St. Clair Mulholland, New York; L. W. Reilly, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Tiburtius Goebel, Steubenville, Ohio; Jobson E. Paradis, Paris, France; Homer P. Brelsford, Eastland, Texas; Rev. Clement Burger, Lancaster, Penn.; Charles T. Cavanagh, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Daniel J. McGlaughlin, Niles, Mich.; Humphrey Desmond, Milwaukee, Wis.; William Andrew Byrne, Covington, Ky.

DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE was conferred on William T. Ball, Chicago, Ill.; William

Dechant, Franklin, Ohio; Ferdinand B. Kuhn, Nashville, Tenn.; John W. Guthrie, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Sorin Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Clarence T. Hagerty, Santa Fé, Mexico; William P. McPhee, Denver, Col.; Charles Piquette, Indianapolis, Ind.; Edward J. Maurus, Rock Island, Ill.; Leo Scherrer, East St. Louis, Ill.

DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS was conferred on Frederick E. Neef, Springfield, Ill.

DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE IN BIOLOGY was conferred on Edward M. Schaack, Chicago, Ill.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on Daniel P. Murphy, Lewisburg, Penn.; Eustace Cullinan, San Francisco, Cal.; Michael Ryan, Danville, Ill.; Samuel A. Walker, Grafton, N. Dakota.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS was conferred on Daniel V. Casey, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Francis W. Davis, Rockford, Ill.; Arthur P. Hudson, Hanging Rock, Ohio.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on Elmer A. Scherrer, East St. Louis, Ill.; William Walter Marr, Chicago, Ill.; John A. Devanney, Philadelphia, Penn.; Nicholas S. Dinkel, Anderson, Ind.

DEGREE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING was conferred on Arthur M. Funke, Denver, Col.; John F. Hervey, Austin, Texas; John J. Dempsey, Manistee, Mich.; Hugh C. Mitchell, Edna, Texas; Albert T. Karasynski, Camden, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LAWS was conferred on Abraham L. Brick, South Bend, Ind. James Francis Kennedy, Jacksonville, Ill.; Leigh F. Gibson, Peoria, Ill.; Abraham B. Chidester, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAWS was conferred on Thomas Dillingham Mott, Los Angeles, Cal.; John Griffin Mott, Los Angeles, Cal.; Peter P. White, South Amana, Iowa; James A. McKee, Versailles, Ky.; Richard Graham Halligan, St. Louis, Mo.; Ryell Tobias Miller, South Bend, Ind.; Frank J. Onzon, Corpus Christi, Texas; Oscar Fries Schmidt, Rock Island, Ill.; Edme Vincent Chassaing, St. Louis, Mo.; Francis E. Duffield, Lima, Ohio.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS were conferred on Arthur W. Campbell, Chicago, Ill.; Albert J. Dannemiller, Canton, Ohio; Julius Goldstein, New York; Tobias Goldstein, New York; Edward J. Gainer, Chicago, Ill.; Francis H. Lyons, Louisville, Ohio; John Mullen, Iona, Minn.; William P. Monahan, Chicago, Ill.; Herbert D. Miles, Denver, Col.; Martin Schnur, Goshen, Ind.; James Smith, St. Joseph, Mich.; John E. Temple, Chicago, Ill.; John B. Whitehead, Bowling Green, Ky.; William S. Wilkin, Bay City, Mich.; Charles M. Montague, Niles, Mich.; George A. Krug, Dayton, Ohio.

CERTIFICATES FOR TELEGRAPHY were conferred on David Conger, Flat Rock, Ind.; Joseph Ludwig, Huntington, Ind.; Daniel D. Monarch, Owensboro, Ky.; Charles W. Wagner, Dayton, Ohio.

SPECIAL PRIZE MEDALS.

THE MASON MEDAL for the student of Carroll Hall having the best record for the scholastic year was awarded to John F. Fennessy, Boston, Mass.

THE MEEHAN MEDAL for Excellence in English was awarded to Daniel V. Casey, Crawfordsville, Ind.

THE BREEN GOLD MEDAL for Oratory was awarded to Eustace Cullinan, San Francisco, Cal.

THE GRAND GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine in Brownson Hall, (First Course) was awarded to James D. Barry, Chicago, Ill.

THE SORIN GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine in Carroll Hall, (First Course) was awarded to J. W. Lantry, Chatsworth, Ill.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

THE QUAN GOLD MEDAL was awarded to Daniel P. Murphy, Lewisburg, Penn.

SPECIAL COURSES.

THE BARRY ELOCUTION MEDAL in Brownson Hall was awarded to John G. Mott, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE ELOCUTION MEDAL in Carroll Hall was awarded to P. M. Kuntz, Chicago, Ill.

THE MEDAL for Christian Doctrine in Brownson Hall was awarded to Patrick J. Reardon, Sing Sing, N. Y.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

THE SORIN ASSOCIATION GOLD MEDAL was awarded to John Le Roy McCarthy.

THE ELOCUTION GOLD MEDAL was awarded to William Finnerty.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to Marco Devine.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Letter-Writing was awarded to Henry McCorry.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Piano was awarded to Jay Moorehouse.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Excellence in Studies was awarded to Gerald Maurice Egan, Alexis Coquillard, Joseph Coquillard, Edwin Elliott, Edmund Swan, John Fitzgerald, Leo Kelly, Alexander Bump.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to Bernard Roesing.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Letter-Writing was awarded to Thomas P. Sexton.

THE SILVER MEDAL for Application was awarded to Jeremiah Jonquet.

FIRST HONOR AWARDS.

[The "First Honors" are awarded to students of Brownson Hall who have attained an average of at least 90 per cent. for scholarship and deportment during the scholastic year. The first honor awarded for the first year takes the form of a diploma; that awarded for two years of satisfactory work is a gold medal. This medal may be renewed from year to year.]

BROWNSON HALL.

First Honor Medal was awarded to Horace A. Wilson, Red Wing, Minnesota.

First Honor Diplomas were awarded to Julius A. Arce, Arequipa, Peru, South America; James

D. Barry, Chicago, Ill.; William J. Burke, Ottawa, Ill.; Ralph Palmer, Fort Hanchancas, Arizona; Patrick J. Reardon, Sing Sing, N. Y.; William S. Sheehan, Hancock, Mich.; Martin S. Costello, Chicago, Ill.; Eugene A. Delaney, Lykens, Penn.

DEPARTMENT PRIZE MEDALS.

[Gold Medals for Department are awarded to pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward's Hall who have spent two full years at Notre Dame, and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable.]

CARROLL HALL.

J. W. Bloomfield, J. P. Benz, R. L. Fox, J. McShane, T. Lowery, C. Rockey, W. Connor, A. Dannemiller, J. W. Lantry, W. Monahan, F. Roesing, J. V. Sullivan, J. Tempel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

John E. McCarthy, George Moxley, Thomas E. Noonan, John McCarthy, Robert McIntyre, William Finnerty, A. J. Romero.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

[Silver Medals for department are awarded to pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward's Hall who have spent two full years at Notre Dame, and whose deportment has given general satisfaction.]

CARROLL HALL.

L. Thompson, E. McCarthy, J. Maternes. T. Burns.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

William Dalton, Victor Steele, R. Hess, Arthur Allen. James Hershey, Charley Kelly.

DEPARTMENT CERTIFICATES.

[Certificates are awarded to those pupils of Carroll Hall and St. Edward Hall who have followed the courses of the University at least two terms and whose deportment during the whole time has been unexceptionable]

CARROLL HALL.

R. Barry, A. Ball, John Corby, Joseph A. Corby, A. Erhart, J. Forbing, M. Feltenstein, J. Goldstein, E. Gainer, C. Gausepohl, W. Healy, G. KEEFFE, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, G. Krug, M. Kirk, W. Morris, M. V. Monarch, G. McCarrick, A. Pendleton, C. Reuss, H. Speake, J. Shiels, C. Shillington, A. Spillard, G. Stuhlfauth, C. Strong, B. Tatman, J. Tuohy, O. Tong, F. Ward, C. Wells, C. Murray, T. Watterson.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

F. Breslin, F. Brissanden, H. Cassady, J. Fitzgerald, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, J. Sontag, G. Leach, D. Spillard, E. Strauss, F. Waite F. Welch, T. Sexton, B. Nye, M. Jonquet.

Premiums.

SORIN HALL.

Burns, W.—Premium in Criticism.  
Barton, F.—Premium in Anatomy; Mention in 1st Chemistry.  
Casey, D.—1st Premium in Belles-Lettres.  
Cullinan, E.—1st Premium in 1st Latin, Belles-Lettres, Geology and Philosophy of History; 2d Premium in Moral Philosophy and Astronomy.  
Devanney, J.—1st Premium in 1st Chemistry and Descriptive Geometry; 2d Premium in 1st French.

Davis, F.—2d Premium in Moral Philosophy; Mention in Belles-Lettres.

Dempsey, J.—2d Premium in Civil Engineering.

Eyanson, F.—1st Premium in 2d Physics; 2d Premium in Logic; Premium in Criticism; Mention in 4th Latin.

Funke, A.—2d Premium in Mechanical and Civil Engineering; Mention in Logic.

Hervey, J.—2d Premium in Logic, Civil Engineering and Hydraulics; Mention in Mechanical Engineering.

Hudson, A.—1st Premium in Moral Philosophy, 1st German and 2d Latin; Premium in Philosophy of History; Mention in Belles-Lettres and Astronomy.

Murphy, Daniel.—1st Premium in Moral Philosophy and Astronomy; 2d Premium in 1st Latin and Geology; Premium in Philosophy of History.

Murphy, J.—1st Premium in Calculus and 2d Physics; 2d Premium in Civil Engineering and Descriptive Geometry; 3d Premium in 2d Chemistry.

Marr, W.—2d Premium in 1st Chemistry.

Mott, J.—2d Premium in Vocal Music.

Mitchell, H.—1st Premium in Logic, Civil Engineering, Astronomy, Hydraulics and Mechanical Engineering.

Murray, J.—3d Premium in Logic and Botany; Premium in 2d Chemistry.

McKee, J.—2d Premium in Applied Electricity and General Iron and Wood Work.

Oliver, B.—Premium in Anatomy.

Prichard, A.—2d Premium in 2d Latin.

Pulskamp, G.—2d Premium in 2d Physics; Mention in Logic.

Ryan, M.—Premium in Philosophy of History.

Stace, A.—1st Premium in English History; 2d Premium in Logic and 2d Physics; Mention in Trigonometry.

Slevin, R.—1st Premium in 2d Greek; 2d Premium in 2d Latin and 2d Physics; 3d Premium in Logic; Premium in Criticism.

Vignos, A.—1st Premium in Applied Electricity, General Ironwork and Analytical Chemistry.

Walker, S.—1st Premium in 1st Latin and Astronomy; 2d Premium in Moral Philosophy and Geology; Premium in Philosophy of History.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Anderson, L.—Mention in 2d History.

Arce, J.—1st premium in 2d Grammar; 2d premium in Trigonometry, Industrial Drawing, General Iron Work and Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Algebra and 3d French.

Atherton, C.—1st premium in Industrial Drawing; 2d premium in Ancient History; mention in Zoology.

Ainsworth, C.—Mention in 2d Grammar.

Adler, M.—2d premium in 1st Geography.

Barry, J.—1st premium in 3d Latin, 4th Greek, 1st Christian Doctrine and Physiology; premium in Criticism.

Baird, P.—3d premium in 1st Grammar and Ancient History; mention in 3d Algebra.

Behr, P.—Mention in 3d Algebra.

Burke, William J.—4th Premium in 1st Christian Doctrine; mention in Literature.

Burke, William P.—Mention in 1st Christian Doctrine and Literature.

Brinker, L.—1st premium for Piano; 2d premium in 1st German.

Bennet, H.—2d premium in English History.

Britz, N.—1st premium in 2d History, 2d Arithmetic, 2d Geography and 8th Latin.

Browne, R.—2d premium in 1st History; mention in 1st Geography.

Clark, A.—1st premium for Piano; mention in 1st Book-Keeping.

Coleman, E.—Mention in 2d Geography.

Corbett, J. Sydney.—3d premium in 2d Christian Doctrine; 2d Premium in 2d Physics.

Crane, J.—2d premium for Mandolin.

Craft, C.—3d premium in Composition.

Campbell, P.—Mention in Zoology.

Carney, A.—3d premium in 2d Christian Doctrine.

Cavanagh, T.—Mention in Christian Doctrine.

Costello, M.—2d premium in 4th Latin, Christian Doctrine and 2d Physics; 3d premium in Physiology and 4th Greek; mention in Literature and Botany.

Campbell, Arthur.—3d premium in 1st Book-Keeping.

Crilly, E.—4th premium in 4th German.

Cullen, C.—2d premium in Industrial Drawing.

Cavanaugh, Joseph.—2d premium in 4th German; 3d premium in 3d Algebra.

Davis, A.—3d premium in Special Orthography.

Dowd, J.—Mention in Literature.

Delaney, E.—1st premium in Rhetoric, 1st Geometry, Industrial Drawing and Zoology; 2d premium in Modern History; 3d premium in Physiology and 3d French; mention in 1st Algebra.

Dailey, M.—2nd premium in 2d Arithmetic.

Devila, Jenaro.—2d premium for Artistic Drawing; premium in 2d Geometry.

Dillon, F.—Premium for Microscopic Work; mention in Zoology.

Follen, P.—3d premium in 2d Christian Doctrine; mention in Ancient History and 2d Grammar.

Fagan, W.—1st premium in Zoology; 2d premium in 2d Chemistry, 2d French and 2d Physics; 3d premium in Physiology; premium in General Biology and for Microscopic Work.

Falvey, E.—2d premium in Zoology; premium in 2d Chemistry and General Biology.

Fera, A.—1st premium for Artistic Drawing; 2d premium in 2d History, 1st Orthography and 3d Grammar.

Foulks, C.—2d premium in 1st Grammar and 2d Book-Keeping; 3d premium in Special Orthography; mention in 1st Arithmetic.

Gelpin, L.—1st Premium in 4th German; mention in 1st Grammar.

Gibson, N.—2d premium for Industrial Drawing; 3d premium in 2d Algebra.

Gilmartin, E.—2d premium in 5th Latin and Ancient History; premium in 2d Geometry.

Golden, W.—2d premium in 3d Greek; premium in Literature; mention in 1st Christian Doctrine.

Galen, A.—Mention in English History.

Henry, Harvey.—Mention in 3d Grammar.

Hermann, Adam.—2d premium for Vocal Music; 4th premium in 4th Latin; mention in 1st Christian Doctrine.

Hanhauser, Andrew.—2d premium in 1st Grammar.

Halligan, R.—Mention in Logic.

Hanhauser, George.—1st premium in 2d Book-keeping; 2d premium in 1st Arithmetic, 1st Grammar and 7th Latin; 3d premium in 1st Orthography.

Harrison, J. Francis.—1st premium in 2d Geometry; premium in Literature.

Hindel, W.—1st premium in 1st Geography and History; 3d premium in 2d Arithmetic and 1st Orthography; mention in 1st Reading.

Howley, T.—4th premium in 7th Latin.

Hierholze, E.—2d premium in 1st German and Industrial Drawing.

Hogan, J.—1st premium in 3d Algebra; 2d premium in Composition; 3d premium in 3d Christian Doctrine.

Hesse, F.—1st premium in General Iron Work; mention in 2d Algebra.

Hentges, E.—3d premium in 2d Grammar and 2d Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Arithmetic.

Hengen, W. Charles.—Mention in Literature.

Hennebry, M.—Mention in 1st Christian Doctrine.

Hinde, J.—Mention in Ancient History.

Jones, E. Francis.—1st premium for Vocal Music.

Johnson, G.—1st premium for Violon.

Kegler, W.—2d premium in 1st Algebra; premium in Literature.

Kortas, B.—2d premium in 3d Arithmetic.

Kaul, F.—2d premium in 3d Grammar.

King, T.—2d premium in General Iron Work; mention in Composition.

Kinsella, R.—2d premium in Special Orthography; mention in 1st Book-Keeping.

Ludwig, J.—Mention in 2d Christian Doctrine.

Lauda, L.—1st premium in 2d Orthography; 2d premium for piano; mention in 2d Reading and 3d Grammar.

Lawlor, W.—Mention in Special Orthography.

Lassig, L.—3d premium in 2d History and Geography.

Lansdowne, G.—3d premium in 4th Algebra.

Long, E.—3d premium in 1st Grammar; mention in 2d Arithmetic.

Murphy, P. J.—Mention in 2d Arithmetic.

Monahan, B. L.—3d premium in 2d Geography and 2d History; mention in 3d Arithmetic, 2d Reading and 2d Orthography.

Mathewson, H.—Mention in 1st Arithmetic.

Murphy, Elmer—Premium in Criticism; mention in 4th Latin, 1st Christian Doctrine and Physiology.

Medley, T.—3d premium in 2d Algebra; 4th premium in Rhetoric.

Mulronev, C.—1st premium in Physiology; 2d premium in Rhetoric and 1st Christian Doctrine.

Monarch, D.—Mention in 2d Christian Doctrine.

Moxley, W.—2d premium for Mandolin.

Miller, J.—1st premium for Industrial Drawing and Piano; 2d premium in 2d Physics; 3d premium in 1st Christian Doctrine.

Masters, T.—2d premium in Composition.

Montague, C.—4th premium in 7th Latin; mention in 2d Geometry.

Monahan, John.—3d premium in 2d Geography; mention in 2d Reading and 2d Orthography.

Monahan, Richard.—1st premium in 2d Arithmetic, 3d Grammar and 1st Reading; 2d premium in 1st Geography and 1st History; 3d premium in 1st Orthography.

Monahan, Bartly.—2d premium in General Iron Work.

Moore, S.—3d premium in 5th Latin and Rhetoric; mention in 1st Geometry.

Miller, H.—1st premium in Special Orthography; mention in Composition.

McCord, J.—1st premium in Composition.

McHugh, Orvine.—1st premium for Cornet; 2d premium for Vocal Music.

McGinnis, W.—3d premium in 7th Latin; mention in 1st Christian Doctrine.

McCarty, W.—1st premium in 3d Arithmetic; 2d premium in 2d Geography and 2d Orthography; 3d premium in 2d Reading.

McGreevy, Owen J.—1st premium in Special Orthography; 2d premium in 1st Grammar and 4th Algebra.

Ney, M.—2d premium in 2d French.

O'Malley, R.—3d premium in 6th Greek and 1st Christian Doctrine.

Oldshue, L.—3d premium in Rhetoric.

Palmer, R.—1st premium in 1st French, General Iron and Wood Work, Industrial Drawing and Analytical Geometry; 2d premium in 2d Physics; mention in Botany.

Pulskamp, E.—2d premium for General Iron and Wood Work and for Industrial Drawing; mention in 1st Geometry.

Piquette, C.—1st premium for Piano; mention in 2d Geometry.

Reardon, P.—1st premium in 2d Christian Doctrine; 2d premium in Modern History; 3d premium in Trigonometry; mention in 1st Geometry.

Rowan, J.—2d premium for Piano; mention in 1st Christian Doctrine.

Ryan, R.—3d premium in 1st Geography and 1st History.

Rosenthal, Jacob.—3d premium in Physiology; premium for General Biology and Microscopic Work; mention in Botany.

Roper, E.—2d premium in 3d Grammar and 1st History.

Schulte, F.—2d premium in 1st History; mention in 1st Geography.

Sheehan, W.—4th premium in Rhetoric and 4th German.

Scott, F.—2d premium in Composition; mention in 3d Algebra.

Smoger, F.—1st premium in 4th Algebra and 1st Arithmetic; 2d premium in 2d Grammar.

Schultz, S.—1st premium for Piano; 2d premium for Artistic Drawing; 3d premium in Composition.

Steele, Sherman.—Premium in Literature; mention in 3d French.

Smoger, Clem.—3d premium in Special Orthography; mention in Composition.

Schmidt, Oscar.—Mention in Logic.

Sanders, J.—Mention in 1st Christian Doctrine and English History.

Sweet, G.—1st premium for Violin; 2d premium in General Iron and Wood Work.

Turner, C.—Mention in 2d Grammar.

Tinnen, Buford.—Mention in 1st Reading.

Wilson, Horace.—1st premium in 2d Christian Doctrine, Botany, Modern History, 3d French and for Piano; premium in Literature.

Weaver, W. Burnett.—Premium in Anatomy.

Wensinger, F.—Mention in 2d Christian Doctrine.

Wilkin, W.—1st premium in 2d German.

Wiss, J.—Mention in Special Orthography.

Wagner, F.—1st premium for Industrial Drawing and General Iron and Wood Work.

Wellington, P.—2d premium for Vocal Music.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Austin, M.—1st premium for Piano; 3rd premium 1st Geography, 2nd German; mention in 1st Orthography, 1st Reading, 1st History.

Adler, L.—1st premium 2nd Arithmetic, for Violin, Cornet; 2nd premium 4th Algebra; mention in Special Orthography.

Bloomfield, J.—2nd premium for Wood, and 3rd premium for Iron, Work; mention in 1st Geography.

Ball, A.—2nd premium for Violin; 3rd premium in Special Orthography; mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Bartlett, G.—1st premium 2nd Arithmetic, 1st Orthography; mention in 1st Geography, 1st History.

Barry, J.—2nd premium 1st Grammar; 3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Burns, T.—3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; 4th premium 1st Arithmetic.

Barry, R.—Premium in Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Arithmetic, Grammar.

Benz, J.—Mention in Arithmetic, Reading, Orthography, Penmanship.

Bergan, W.—2nd premium in 3rd Arithmetic.

Browne, J.—2nd premium for Violin; 3rd premium 1st Grammar, 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Cottin D.—Mention in 1st Arithmetic.

Campau, D.—2nd premium 1st Orthography; mention 1st History.

Cornell, F.—1st premium for Piano; 2nd premium 1st Christian Doctrine, 5th Latin.

Corry, J.—2nd premium 1st Geography; 3rd premium 1st Reading, 2nd Geometry, 1st Orthography.

Clune, T.—Mention in Arithmetic, Penmanship, Orthography, Christian Doctrine.

Connor, W.—2nd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention for Violin.

Corby, John.—2nd premium 1st Christian Doctrine; 4th premium in Rhetoric; mention in 6th Latin and 1st Algebra.

Corby, Joseph.—3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention in 3rd Algebra.

Cypher, G.—2nd premium History; premium in 2nd Grammar.

Culler, T.—Mention in 1st Orthography, 1st Reading.

Ducey, J.—1st premium for Piano.

Dannemiller, A.—2nd premium 1st Arithmetic, General Iron and Wood Work; mention in 1st Book-keeping.

Druecker, A.—1st premium History; 3d premium 1st Grammar, Special Orthography.

Dalton, J.—4th premium 4th Algebra; mention in Special Orthography, 1st Grammar.

Davezac, G.—2nd premium for Mandolin.

Erhart, A.—1st premium 1st Christian Doctrine; 3rd premium 1st History; mention in 1st Reading.

Flynn, J.—1st premium 3rd Algebra; 3rd premium in 1st Arithmetic; mention in Composition.

Forbing, J.—2nd premium 3rd Algebra; 3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Farley, A.—Mention in 1st Book-keeping.

Fennessey, J.—1st premium Rhetoric, 6th Latin, 2nd Algebra; 2nd premium 6th Greek; 3rd premium 3rd French.

Franey, R.—Mention in 1st Arithmetic, 1st Grammar, History.

Foley, J.—Mention in Reading, Penmanship, Orthography.

Feltenstein, M.—2nd premium 3rd Grammar, 2nd Arithmetic; 3rd premium 1st Orthography; mention 2nd Geography.

Fitzgibbon, D.—Mention in 2nd Reading, 3rd Grammar.

Fox, R.—1st premium for Artistic Drawing; Mention in 1st Arithmetic, 4th Algebra.

Girsch, C.—Mention in Arithmetic, Composition, Christian Doctrine.

Goldstein, J.—1st premium for Piano; 2nd premium 1st Book-keeping.

Gimbel, E.—1st premium 8th Latin; 3rd premium 1st Orthography; mention in 1st Reading.

Gausepohl, C.—2nd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; Mention in German, Geography, History.

Gainer, E.—1st premium 1st Geography; 2nd premium History, for Piano; 3rd premium Special Orthography; mention in 1st Grammar, 1st Arithmetic.

Goldsmith, H.—Mention in Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Orthography.

Howard, G.—Mention in 3rd Orthography.

Hayes, John E.—2nd premium in 1st History; 3rd premium in 1st Grammar.

Hayes, A.—2nd premium 1st Reading; 3rd premium 2nd Arithmetic; mention in 3rd Christian Doctrine.

Healy, Leo R.—Mention in Arithmetic, Elocution, Phonography and Type-Writing.

Healy, Waldo W.—2nd premium 3rd Grammar; mention in 2nd Arithmetic, Orthography, Christian Doctrine, Penmanship.

Hoban, T.—3rd premium Composition; mention in 2nd Book-keeping.

Herrera, M.—1st premium 4th Grammar; mention in 3rd Arithmetic.

Hagerty, J.—2nd premium Composition; mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Herr, E.—Mention in Law, Composition, Ancient History.

Herr, L.—1st premium 1st Reading, 1st Orthography; 2nd premium 1st Geography, 2nd Arithmetic, 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Grammar.

Hagan, C.—1st premium 2nd Reading; 2nd premium 2nd Orthography; mention in 3rd Arithmetic.

Jones, H.—1st premium 1st Reading; 3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Keeffe, G.—1st premium 1st History, 1st Geography; 2nd premium 4th German; 3rd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine, 1st Reading, 1st Arithmetic.

Kasper, Adam J.—2nd premium 1st Reading; mention for Violin.

Kasper, George W.—Mention in 2nd German, Orthography, Christian Doctrine, Grammar.

Kasper, Frederick J.—3rd premium 3rd Grammar, 2nd Arithmetic; mention in 2nd Reading, 2nd German, 2nd Orthography.

Konzon, J.—1st premium in 2nd Grammar; 2nd premium in 1st Reading; 3rd premium in 1st Orthography.

Koebing, F.—2nd premium in 2nd Orthography.

Kuntz, Peter M.—2nd premium 2nd German; mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Kuntz, John L.—3rd premium 2nd Geography, 2nd Christian Doctrine, 2nd History.

Krug, G.—1st premium 1st Book-keeping, for Piano; 2nd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Grammar.

Kirk, M.—2nd premium 2nd Arithmetic.

Lichenwalter, A.—Mention in 3rd Arithmetic.

Long, A.—1st premium for Piano; 2nd premium 7th Latin; mention in 1st Grammar, 4th Algebra.

Lantry, J.—1st premium 2nd Chemistry, 1st Christian Doctrine; mention in 4th Greek, 4th Latin.

Langley, C.—2nd premium 1st Arithmetic.

Leonard, J.—Mention in Orthography, Latin, 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Lowery, T.—2nd premium 2nd Geometry; 3rd premium 2nd Algebra; mention in 5th Latin.

Lane, J.—Mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Lansdowne, H.—2nd premium 4th Grammar, 2nd Orthography; premium 4th Arithmetic; mention in 2nd Book-keeping.

Miles, H.—2nd premium 1st Arithmetic; 3rd premium 1st Book-keeping; premium in Type-Writing.

Morris, W.—2nd premium 1st Reading; 3rd premium 1st Orthography.

Maternes, J.—2nd premium in German; 3rd premium 1st Orthography.

Monarch, M.—2nd premium 2nd Geography, 2nd History; mention in 2nd Arithmetic.

Monahan, W.—1st premium 2nd German; 1st Arithmetic; 2nd premium 1st Book-keeping; 3rd premium in Composition; mention in 6th Latin.

Moran, E.—Premium for Elocution; mention in Arithmetic, Penmanship, Geography.

Masse, W.—1st premium for Vocal Music; mention in Grammar and Penmanship.

Maurer, J.—3rd premium in General Iron and Wood Work.

Murray, C.—1st premium 2nd Grammar; 2nd premium 1st Orthography, 2nd Arithmetic; premium 1st Reading; mention in 1st Geography.

Mianegerode, C.—3rd premium 1st Grammar; premium in Drawing; mention in History.

Miers, R.—3rd premium 1st Arithmetic; mention in Composition, 1st Book-keeping, Orthography.

Morris, F.—Mention in 1st Orthography, Reading, Geography, Penmanship.

Murray, R.—1st premium 1st Grammar, 1st History; 2nd premium Special Orthography; 3rd premium 1st Arithmetic, 1st Geography.

McShane, J.—Mention in Composition, 6th Latin, 2nd Book-keeping.

McCarthy, E.—2nd premium 1st Reading, 1st Orthography; mention in 1st Arithmetic.

McPhillips, J.—1st premium 6th Greek; 2nd premium 2nd Algebra; 3rd premium 5th Latin; mention in 2nd Geometry.

McPhee, R.—2nd premium 1st Grammar; mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

McKenzie, E.—Mention in Literature, 5th Latin.

McCarrick, G.—4th premium 4th Algebra; premium for Elocution; mention in Christian Doctrine.

McGinley, J.—1st premium for Piano; mention in Book-keeping, Composition.

McDonald, S.—1st premium in Applied Electricity; 2nd premium General Iron and Wood Work; 3rd premium Modern History; mention in Composition, 1st Geometry.

Naughton, D.—3rd premium 3rd Grammar; mention in Arithmetic, Reading, Penmanship.

Naughton, T.—1st premium for Piano, 3rd Christian Doctrine; 2nd premium 1st Reading; 3rd premium 3rd Grammar.

Nevins, G.—Mention in 1st Geography.

O'Brien, W.—2nd premium in Rhetoric, 6th Latin.

O'Mara, J.—2nd premium for Artistic Drawing.

Plunkett, F.—Mention in 4th Arithmetic.

Pendleton, A.—1st premium 2nd Christian Doctrine, for Mandolin.

Pim, F.—2nd premium for Mandolin.

Powell, R.—1st premium 3rd Grammar; 2nd premium 2nd Arithmetic; mention in 1st Orthography, 1st Reading.

Rockey, C.—Mention in 7th Latin, Grammar, Christian Doctrine.

Reuss, C.—1st premium 2nd History; 2nd premium 1st Arithmetic; 3rd premium 2nd Geography, 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Ranch, E.—Mention in Book-keeping, Christian Doctrine, Penmanship, for Flute.

Roebling, F.—1st premium for Mandolin; 3rd premium in Ancient History.

Rasche, H.—1st premium in 2nd Arithmetic, 3rd Christian Doctrine, 2nd Grammar; Premium for Cornet.

Sachs, E.—Mention in Elocution.

Speake, H.—2nd premium 2nd Arithmetic; mention in Grammar, for Guitar.

Strong, C.—2nd premium for Mandolin; mention in 1st Arithmetic, Book-keeping and Penmanship.

Sheils, J.—1st premium 3rd Algebra; 2nd premium 2nd Christian Doctrine; 4th premium 7th Latin.

Spillard, A.—Mention in 2nd Christian Doctrine, Book-keeping Grammar.

Stuhlfaut, G.—1st premium 1st Grammar, Special Orthography, 1st Geography; 2nd premium 3rd Algebra, History, 8th Latin.

Smith, Patrick—2nd premium 2nd Orthography; mention in 3rd Grammar.

Shillington, C.—3rd premium 2nd Arithmetic; mention in Christian Doctrine and 1st Orthography.

Storey, H.—3rd premium 2nd Arithmetic, 1st Reading.  
Sheekey, J.—1st premium 3rd Christian Doctrine; premium in 3rd Reading; mention in 3rd Orthography, 3rd Grammar.

Sullivan, J.—1st premium in 3rd Greek, Modern History; 2nd premium 1st Geometry; 3rd premium 4th Latin, Christian Doctrine; 4th premium in Trigonometry; premium in Literature; mention in Physics.

Sterns, H.—Mention in Rhetoric, Algebra, Geometry.

Schaack, C.—Mention in Christian Doctrine, Reading and Penmanship.

Scott, H.—3rd premium in 2nd Arithmetic; mention in History and Orthography.

Smith, F.—1st premium in 3rd Grammar; 2nd premium in 2nd Reading and 2nd Geography; mention in 2nd Arithmetic.

Steiner, J.—Mention in 2nd Orthography and 3rd Arithmetic.

Thompson, L.—2nd premium in Ancient History; mention for Drawing.

Taylor, F.—Mention in Arithmetic, 3rd Algebra, Grammar and Christian Doctrine.

Taylor, H.—1st premium for Mandolin; mention in 5th Latin.

Tong, O.—1st premium for Mandolin; 3rd premium in 2nd Christian Doctrine.

Tatman, B.—1st premium in 2nd Geography; mention in 2nd History and 1st Orthography.

Turby, J.—1st premium for Mandolin; mention in Christian Doctrine, Book-keeping and Penmanship.

Temple, J.—1st premium in 2nd Christian Doctrine; 3rd premium in 1st Arithmetic.

Thalman, H.—Mention in 2nd History, Orthography and Arithmetic.

Underwood, L.—2nd premium in 2nd Geography; 3rd premium in 2nd History.

Whitehead, J.—1st premium in 1st Arithmetic.

Ward, F.—1st premium in Composition; 2nd premium in Christian Doctrine.

Wallace, T.—2nd premium in 1st Reading; mention in Ancient History and Orthography.

Watterson, T.—3rd premium in 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention in Arithmetic, Latin, Drawing and Violin.

Waters, F.—2nd premium in Special Orthography; 3rd premium in 2nd Christian Doctrine; mention in 1st Arithmetic and Composition.

Wright, D.—Mention in Christian Doctrine and Composition.

Wigg, M.—1st premium for Mandolin; mention in French, 1st Grammar and Orthography.

Wells, C.—1st premium in 2nd Christian Doctrine; 2nd premium in 2nd Arithmetic; mention in 1st Geography.

Zitter, C.—3rd premium in 2nd Geography; mention in 2nd History.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Bennet, J.—Mention in Ancient History and Composition.

Bounves, Seraphim.—Mention in 3rd Arithmetic.

Corr, F.—1st premium in Rhetoric; 3rd premium in Modern History.

Dwyer, F.—1st premium in 3rd Arithmetic and 2nd Orthography; 2nd premium in 3rd Grammar and 2nd Reading.

Dwyer, V.—1st premium in 1st Arithmetic and 5th Latin; 2nd premium in Ancient History and 2nd Christian Doctrine; 3rd premium in Rhetoric.

Grady, W.—1st premium in 8th Latin.

Jones, V.—1st premium in 1st Orthography; 3rd premium in 1st Reading.

Lindsay, J.—Mention in 2nd History.

Lyons, F.—2nd premium in 1st Reading; mention in 1st Arithmetic.

Mullen, J.—Premium in 1st Arithmetic; mention in Composition.

McCarthy, T.—1st premium in Composition.

McDaniels, G.—Mention in Orthography.

Neville, M.—1st premium in 1st Algebra and in Zoology; 2nd premium in 1st Geometry; 3rd premium in 6th Latin and 1st French.

Oberly, A.—Mention in 2nd Orthography.

O'Connor, J.—Mention in 2nd History and 1st Reading.

O'Neil, T.—Mention in 1st Grammar.

Powers, J.—2nd premium in 1st Arithmetic; 3rd premium in 1st Grammar; mention in 2nd History.

Rascynski, J.—2nd premium in 3rd Arithmetic; mention in 2nd Orthography.

Reilly, Thomas B.—1st premium in Trigonometry; 3rd premium in 3rd Latin; mention in 1st Geometry.

Ritter, P.—3rd premium in 1st Orthography.

Schnur, M.—3rd premium in 1st Arithmetic and 1st Orthography; mention in 1st Book-keeping.

Senrich, C.—Premium in 2nd Grammar; mention in 1st Orthography and 2nd History.

Singler, R.—2nd premium in Special Orthography; mention in 1st Arithmetic and 1st Grammar.

Smith, T.—3rd premium in 2nd Arithmetic.

Wilmot, G.—Mention in Zoology.

Wurzer, H.—1st premium in 7th Latin, Ancient History and 3rd Algebra; 2nd premium in Rhetoric.

Wurzer, L. C.—1st premium in 5th Latin, 1st Algebra, Literature, Modern History; mention in 1st Geometry.

Young, W.—1st premium in 3rd Algebra and 1st German; mention in Composition.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Allyn, A.—1st Premium 3d Christian Doctrine; 1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Reading; 3d Premium 3d Orthography.

Abrahams, L.—3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 4th Premium 3d Grammar; 4th Premium 3d Reading.

Abrahams, G.—Premium Orthography; Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Geography.

Audibert, E.—3d Premium in 4th Arithmetic; 3d Premium in 4th Reading.

Barrett, E.—4th Premium 1st Arithmetic; 5th Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Vocal Music.

Bump, A.—1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; 1st Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Reading; Premium for Vocal Music.

Brinckerhoff, W.—3d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 2d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Vocal Music; Premium for German.

Bullene, J.—1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; 4th Premium for Grammar; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Geography.

Breslin, F.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Geography; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Boyton, N.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 1st Premium 3d Orthography; Premium for Vocal Music.

Boyton, P.—2d Premium 4th Reading; 3d Premium 4th Arithmetic.

Brissanden, F.—1st Premium 2d Geography; 3d Premium 2d Reading; 2d Premium 3d Arithmetic.

Curry, J.—2d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 4th Premium 1st Grammar; 4th Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music.

Cottus, F.—1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; 2d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Reading; Premium for Orthography.

Cressy, C.—2d Premium 3d Grammar; 3d Premium 3d Orthography; 4th Premium 3d Geography.

Coquillard, J.—1st Premium 2d Geography; 2d Premium 2d Reading; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Coquillard, A.—1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; 1st Premium 1st Grammar; 1st Premium for Christian Doctrine; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Penmanship.

Cassady, H.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Grammar; Premium for Vocal Music.

Collins, B.—2d Premium 3d Grammar; Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music.

Caruthers, F.—2d Premium 5th Orthography; Premium for Vocal Music.

Caruthers, J.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 2d Orthography; 4th Premium in Penmanship; 2d Premium in Vocal Music.

Corcoran, J.—1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Orthography; 2d Premium 2d Geography; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Clarke, R.—3d Premium in Grammar; 4th Premium in Geography; 2d Premium in Arithmetic.

Cotter, P.—1st Premium 2d Reading; 1st Premium 3d Grammar; 1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Catchpole, R.—2d Premium 2d Reading; 3d Premium 2d Orthography; 2d Premium 2d Reading; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Dugas, E.—2d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 3d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Reading; Premium for Christian Doctrine.

Dugas, G.—Premium for Orthography; Premium for Reading.

Dalton, W.—2d Premium 1st Grammar; 1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; Premium for Penmanship.

Durand, W.—2d Premium 1st Grammar; 3d Premium 1st Arithmetic; Premium in 1st Orthography; Premium for Piano.

Devine, M.—2d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 1st Premium in Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music; Premium for Piano.

Davis, G.—2d Premium 3d Grammar; 3d Premium 3d Orthography; 1st Premium 4th Arithmetic.

Egan, G.—1st Premium 2d Reading; 1st Premium 2d Orthography; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Geography.

Elcott, E.—5th Premium in Penmanship; 4th Premium in Grammar; Premium for Piano.

Finnerty, W.—3d Premium 1st Grammar; 2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 1st Premium 2d Orthography.

Fitzgerald, P.—3d Premium 2d Orthography; 1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Ford, H.—1st Premium 2d Orthography; 2d Premium 2d Geography; 1st Premium 3d Arithmetic.

Goff, D.—3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Orthography; Premium for Vocal Music.

Garrity, L.—3d Premium 2d Arithmetic; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Vocal Music; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Garrity, M.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 4th Premium in Penmanship; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Vocal Music.

Graham, P.—2d Premium 3d Grammar; 1st Premium for Piano; Premium for Vocal Music.

Hershey, J.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; 3d Premium 3d Geography.

Hart, L.—1st Premium 4th Arithmetic; 1st Premium 4th Reading.

Hawkins, B.—1st Premium 2d Reading; 2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Orthography.

Hess, R.—3d Premium 3d Grammar; 3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 4th Premium 3d Orthography.

Hess, F.—3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; Premium for Reading; Premium for Vocal Music.

Jonquet, M.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Geography; Premium for Vocal Music.

Jonquet, J.—2d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 3d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Orthography; 1st Premium for Vocal Music.

Kelly, L.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Geography; Premium for Vocal Music.

Kelly, S.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; 2d Premium 3d Geography.

Kasper, R.—3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; Premium for Piano.

Kopf, G.—1st Premium 4th Arithmetic; 2d Premium 4th Orthography; 2d Premium in 4th Reading.

Lovell, W.—2d Premium 3d Reading; 3d Premium 3d Arithmetic.

Lawton, J.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 4th Premium 3d Orthography; Premium for Reading.

Leach, G.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 1st Premium 2d Reading; Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Grammar.

Morehouse, J.—1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Piano; Premium for Vocal Music.

Moxley, G.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 2d Orthography; Premium for Piano.

McCarthy, E. Thomas.—1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; 1st Premium 3d Orthography; 1st Premium 3d Geography.

McIntyre, R.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Vocal Music.

McCarthy, J. L.—1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; 1st Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Geography; Premium for Vocal Music.

McCarthy, J. Gerald.—1st Premium in Arithmetic; 2d Premium in Orthography; 2d Premium in Grammar.

McNichols, W.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 2d Orthography; 3d Premium 2d Geography.

McElroy, E.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Geography; Premium for Instrumental Music.

McCorry, H.—2d Premium 1st Grammar; 1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Geography.

McNamara, G.—1st Premium 1st Grammar; 1st Premium 1st Arithmetic; Premium for Orthography; Premium for Geography.

Mitchell, S.—1st Premium 2d Reading; 2d Premium 2d Orthography; 3d Premium 2d Geography.

Noonan, T.—3d Premium 1st Arithmetic; 2d Premium 1st Grammar; Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music.

Nye, B.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Reading; Premium for Vocal Music.

Nye, S.—2d Premium 4th Arithmetic; 2d Premium 4th Orthography.

Newmann, L.—3d Premium 4th Arithmetic; 2d Premium 4th Reading.

Pollitz, H.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic.

Pollitz, W.—1st Premium 4th Arithmetic; 1st Premium 4th Reading; Premium for Vocal Music.

Paul, P.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Orthography; Premium for Christian Doctrine.

Plunkett, W.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; 2d Premium 3d Geography.

Quertimont, E.—3d Premium 4th Reading; 4th Premium 4th Orthography.

Quertimont, G.—1st Premium 4th Arithmetic; 1st Premium 4th Reading.

Roesing, B.—2d Premium 1st Arithmetic; Premium for Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music; Premium for Piano.

Rasche, L.—3d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Orthography; 3d Premium 2d Geography; 2d Premium for Penmanship.

Rasche, D.—2d Premium 4th Arithmetic; 2d Premium 4th Orthography.

Robb, W.—3d Premium 4th Arithmetic; 2d Premium 4th Reading.

Swan, E.—4th Premium 1st Arithmetic; 3d Premium 1st Grammar; 3d Premium in Penmanship; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Spillard, D.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium in Grammar; Premium for Piano; Premium for Vocal Music.

Strauss, E.—1st Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Orthography; 2d Premium 2d Geography; 1st Premium in Grammar; Premium for German.

Sontag, H.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; 3d Premium 3d Geography.

Steele, V.—2d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 2d Orthography; Premium for Grammar; Premium for Piano.

Sexton, T.—3d Premium 2d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 2d Orthography; 3d Premium in Penmanship; Premium for Vocal Music.

Thompson, U.—1st Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Orthography; 3d Premium 3d Geography.

Van Dyke, J.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Grammar; 3d Premium 3d Orthography.

Van Dyke, G.—3d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Reading; 3d Premium 3d Grammar.

Waite, F.—4th Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Grammar; 3d Premium 2d Reading; Premium for Instrumental Music.

Welch, F.—4th Premium 3d Arithmetic; 2d Premium 3d Grammar; 2d Premium 3d Orthography.

Weidmann, G.—2d Premium 3d Arithmetic; 3d Premium 3d Orthography; 3d Premium 3d Geography.

